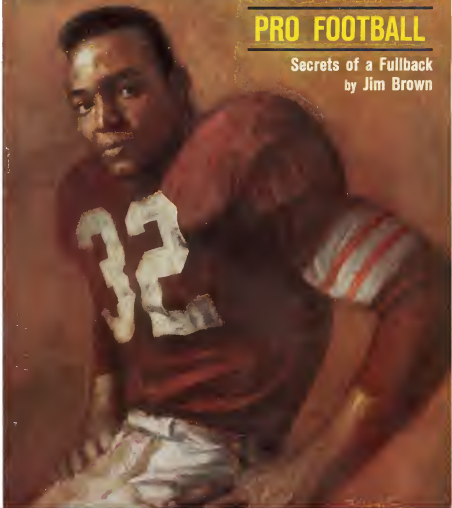


SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

SEPTEMBER 26, 1966 25 CENTS

PRO FOOTBALL

Secrets of a Fullback
by Jim Brown





Ernie Klack in rare repose — with woofer, tweeter, and Carter's knitted boxer shorts

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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED published weekly by Time Inc., 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60610. This issue is published in national and regional editions. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Subscription: U.S. & Canada \$6.75 one year.

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Next week

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's baseball staff previews the 1960 World Series: the National League, definitely superior? Could this be the shortest Series since the 1954 sweep?

After a long series of night watches and dawn patrols at the edge of the ocean, Jack Olsen submits a report on the mysterious and masochistic ritual known as surf fishing.

Bob Schreck, Washington's multitalented quarterback, is as good as he is modest. His sure arm and the Huskies' powerhouse line help make Coach Jim Owens a winner.



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MEMO from the publisher

THE thousands of letters which SPORTS ILLUSTRATED receives during a year include a small but consistent handful complaining that this magazine carries too much advertising. They are a source of enduring wonderment to the staff—for reasons which might seem too obvious to invite explanation.

Maybe not, however. It is a fact that a magazine like SPORTS ILLUSTRATED simply cannot sustain the editorial level to which its readers are accustomed without the monetary support of advertising. It is also an easily demonstrable fact that advertising, good advertising, brings to a magazine a breadth of character achievable in no other way. (So, for example, during World War II our soldiers overseas discovered that they were missing some valuable home ties when they were sent address copies of otherwise familiar magazines.)

Advertising is as integral a part of this magazine as its editorial content. It is also a special service—advising, counseling and informing readers about the products, opportunities and attractions of contemporary life. Still, these letters flutter in, though the letter writers have not kept pace with our ad salesmen. The volume of letters has remained about the same, while the volume of advertising in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED has increased 300% in the past four years.

While we are on the subject of our letter writers, a recent letter from Reader Howard Moyle of Rosharon, Texas comes to mind:

"I enjoyed your MEMO [Aug. 22] concerning 'Your image in our statistical mirror.' However, the image I see is another guy. I'm afraid I brought all your averages down except the one concerning tires.

"Surely two Akrons couldn't supply our tires if your reader wears them out like I do. I look forward, though, to our 'future full of promise,' and meanwhile I enjoy SPORTS ILLUSTRATED immensely."

What tire-consumer Moyle, bless him, really sees in the mirror is that he truly is part of the composite that makes up our readership.

Arthur H. Jones

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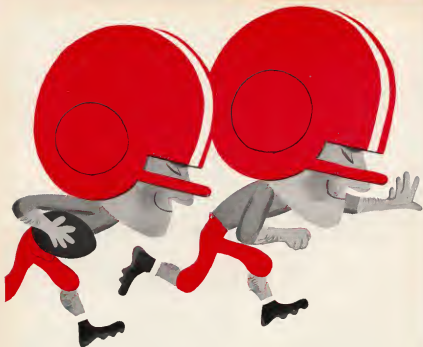
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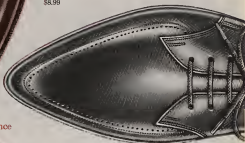


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September 22 Charles L. Appleton Steeplechase, 4-year-olds and up, 2 m., \$10,000 added, Aqueduct, N.Y.

September 24 The Woodward, 3-year-olds and up, 1½ m., \$109,000 added, Aqueduct, N.Y.

September 24 Pageant Handicap, 3-year-old fillies, 1½ m. turf, \$25,000 added, Atlantic City, N.J.

September 24 The Illinois Owners Handicap, 3-year-olds and up, 1½ m., \$25,000 added, Hawthorne, Ill.

September 24 Essex Foxhounds Hunt Race Meeting, Far Hills, N.J.

September 26 Long Island Handicap, 3-year-olds and up, 1½ m. turf, \$25,000 added, Belmont Park, N.Y.

September 26 Lawrence Realization, 3-year-olds, 1½ m., \$50,000 added, Belmont Park, N.Y.

September 29 Brook Steeplechase, 4-year-olds and up, 2½ m., \$17,500 added, Belmont Park, N.Y.

October 1 The Beldame, 3-year-olds and up, fillies and mares, 1½ m., \$75,000 added, Belmont Park, N.Y.

October 1 The C. W. Bidwell Memorial Handicap, 3-year-olds and up, 1½ m., \$35,000 added, Hawthorne, Ill.

October 1 Boardwalk Handicap, 3-year-olds and up, 1½ m., \$25,000 added, Atlantic City, N.J.

October 1 Fairfax Race Association Hunt Race Meeting, Fairfax, Va.

October 2 The Cowdin, 2-year-olds, 1 f., \$50,000 added, Belmont Park, N.Y.

October 4 Elkridge Hurdle, 3-year-olds, 1½ m., \$15,000 added, Belmont Park, N.Y.

October 5 Rolling Rock Hunt Race Meeting, Ligonier, Pa. (also Oct. 8).

October 6 Manhattan Handicap, 3-year-olds and up, 1½ m., \$50,000 added, Belmont Park, N.Y.

October 8 The Hawthorne Juvenile Handicap, 2-year-olds, 1½ m., \$35,000 added, Hawthorne, Ill.

October 8 Jersey Belle Stakes, 3-year-old fillies, 1½ m., \$25,000 added, Garden State Park, N.J.

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- October 10** Breeder's Stakes, 3-year-olds, 1½ m., \$25,000 added, Woodbine, Ont.
- October 11** Grand National Steeplechase, 4-year-olds and up, 3¼ m., \$25,000 added, Belmont Park, N.Y.
- October 12** Ladies Handicap, 3-year-olds and up, fillies and mares, 1½ m., \$50,000 added, Belmont Park, N.Y.
- October 13** The Champagne, 2-year-olds, 1 m., \$100,000 added, Belmont Park, N.Y.
- October 15** The Hawthorne Gold Cup, 3-year-olds and up, 1¼ m., \$100,000 added, Hawthorne, Ill.
- October 16** Benjamin Franklin Handicap, 3-year-olds, 1¼ m., \$25,000 added, Garden State Park, N.J.
- October 18** Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club Race Meeting, Media, Pa.
- October 19** Vosburgh Handicap, 3-year-olds and up, 7 f., \$25,000 added, Belmont Park, N.Y.
- October 20** N.Y. Turf Writers Handicap, 3-year-olds and up, 2 m., \$15,000 added, United Harts at Belmont Park, N.Y.
- October 21** The Splinter, 3-, 4- and 5-year-olds, fillies and mares, 1¼ m., \$50,000 added, Keeneland, Ky.
- October 21** The Temple Gwathmey, 4-year-olds and up, 2½ m., \$50,000 added, United Harts at Belmont Park, N.Y.
- October 22** The Man o' War, 3-year-olds and up, 1¼ m. turf, \$100,000 added, Belmont Park, N.Y.
- October 22** The Gardenia, 2-year-old fillies, 1¼ m., \$50,000 added, Garden State Park, N.J.
- October 22** Canadian Championship, 3-year-olds and up, 1¼ m., \$50,000 added, Woodbine, Ont.
- October 22** Breeder's Futurity, 2-year-olds, about 7 f., \$25,000 added, Keeneland, Ky.
- October 23** Monmouth County Hunt Race Meeting, Red Bank, N.J.
- October 24** Interborough Handicap, 3-year-olds and up, fillies and mares, 6 f., \$25,000 added, Aqueduct, N.Y.
- October 25** Jockey Club Gold Cup, 3-year-olds and up, 2 m., \$100,000 added, Aqueduct, N.Y.
- October 26** The Garden State, 2-year-olds, 1¼ m., \$100,000 added, Garden State Park, N.J.
- October 29** Virginia Fall Hunt Races, Middleburg, Va.

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SCORECARD

Events and Discoveries of the Week

LARK ON THE RISE

Choosing a champion among 1960's 3-year-old Thoroughbreds has been an unrewarding job. Of the prime pretenders, Venetian Way was a flop after he won the Kentucky Derby, and Bally Acbe has been as erratic as the path of a hurricane. Others are already retired to the sick bay. In Atlantic City last Saturday, however, T.V. Lark made his first start on grass and whipped probably the best handicapped field assembled this year. This was the \$100,000 United Nations, and when a colt beats the best of the older horses in this kind of weight-for-age race, over a mile and three-sixteenths, he deserves considerable respect. The race also confirmed what many horsemen have assumed: if someone battles it out with the front-running Bally Acbe right from the start, the latter will not be able to last a decent distance. Intentionally ran with Bally Acbe instead of letting him set a false pace, and Bally Acbe had to hang on at the end to save third place. If T.V. Lark runs—and wins—in this weekend's Woodward at Aqueduct, again against older horses, the "classical" generation may have acquired an authentic champion.

THE BULL BUMS

Mondefio, a tall, slim matador, strode toward the plumpish lady sitting in a *barra* seat in Salamanca, the heart of Spain's bull-breeding country. "I dedicate the death of this bull to you, señora," he said, and tossed her his hat.

The lady was Mrs. Tighe (Tiger) Nickalls, wife of a British horseman and journalist, and a member of a burgeoning Anglo-American social set on the Continent. The set is called, even by its own members, "the bull bums."

Bull bums follow the fairs during the bullfight season, and they are bums in name only. Most are well dressed and well off. They stay at the best hotels, eat at the right restaurants,

think nothing of driving 600 miles in a day to follow their favorite bullfighter. The most conspicuous of this season's crop of bull bums is a 51-year-old bearded bachelor named Kenneth H. Vanderford. He has toiled his Karmann Ghia 10,000 miles so far this season, has seen 94 fights, expects to log 100. Vanderford, a Ph.D. in Spanish at the University of Chicago, worked for an oil company in South America for 17 years. He invested his money and graduated into



REAL PAPA



ERSATZ PAPA

bull bummery. "As long as the stock market doesn't go to hell, I can stay here," he explains.

In a baseball cap and sports shirt, the white-bearded Vanderford looks more like Ernest Hemingway than Hemingway, and he plays his part to the hilt. He is not averse to signing Papa's name for autograph seekers, a practice which caused the tolerant Hemingway to comment in Madrid: "I don't care if he signs my name as long as he doesn't sign checks." He doesn't.

Also on the circuit is Alice Hall, a 57-year-old retired Georgia schoolmarm. "Lady Hall," as she once was named by Spain's bullfight weekly, *El Ruedo*, speaks grammatically perfect Spanish with a cornpone-and-paella accent. She has been following the bulls since the debuts of Cesar Giron and Litri, and her filing-case memory can bring back a veritable *Death in the Afternoon* of facts and figures. She teaches Spanish in the winter, bums the bulls each summer.

There are others: Virginia Smith, a 28-year-old Long Islander, who has logged more corral miles this summer than anyone except the ersatz Hemingway and a few matadors; the Honorable Christopher Bockett, a colonel in Her Majesty's army, who feels that bullfighting has deteriorated "because the matadors want to live until tomorrow"; and Diane Staebell, a 32-year-old U.S. Embassy secretary in Madrid who has pressed in her dreambook of memories three ears cut by Antonio Ordóñez, her hero. Hemingway himself is present this year, and so are a whole set of Lady Brett Ashley's who are more interested in the tight-suited *toreros* than they are in the bullfight itself.

THE EVER-NORMAL JACKPOT

What is home without a slot machine? An empty place indeed. Mrs. Dorothy Nogard, a 35-year-old divorcee of Fair Lawn, N.J., felt that her children and their little friends in the neighborhood would profit from a thorough knowledge of cherries, lemons and Bell Fruit gum. Explaining the presence of a full-size slot machine in her living room to a party of crusading police raiders, she said: "I let my own children—one 8 and one 12—and their friends play the machine with nickels that I supplied, and, of course, I took the nickels back when they finally got them out of the machine."

By confiscating the winnings, Mrs. Nogard impressed upon her children a most valuable lesson for the road ahead: you can't beat the slots. However, by supplying them with nickels she may have persuaded them that the slots can't beat you, either. But that is another problem, one that will have to wait until after Mrs. Nogard's hearing on gaming law violations.

THE HARD WAY

When she won the French singles championship last June, Darlene Hard wrote Sarah Palfrey: "You have just won another singles championship and I must say I was merely a tool." This was a flamboyant overstatement, but it had some basis in fact. Miss Palfrey, twice a national champion, had coached Miss Hard for four weeks before her departure for

continued



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the European tournaments, correcting faults in her game—notably, her forehand—and encouraging her to believe in herself.

But after the French victory and three splendid wins in the Wightman Cup, Miss Hard's self-confidence faltered. She was defeated at Wimbledon, where her game began to fall apart, and then returned to the U.S. to lose four straight tournaments she should have won. Apparently embarrassed by her difficulties, she did not get in touch with her mentor. Not a woman to stand on pride or protocol, Miss Palfrey wrote Darlene a letter.

"I told her she was playing with a chip on her shoulder," Miss Palfrey recalls. "I said, 'Until you change your frame of mind, you won't win a big one. The whole world is not against you.' And I told her I hoped my letter would make her mad, and she'd prove me wrong."

In the early rounds at Forest Hills last week, Sarah ran into Darlene on the courts and volunteered some more advice. She had spotted two things: Darlene wasn't throwing the ball high enough on service, and therefore was consistently netting her first ball; and since Maria Bueno, the favorite, was vulnerable on the forehand, Darlene should vary her backhand, hitting down the line as well as cross-court.

The advice took. In the delayed final last Saturday at Forest Hills, Darlene Hard put her first service in play much more consistently, bothered Bueno with crisp, down-the-line backhands, and in general played the way Sarah Palfrey believed she could. The result: A Hard victory, 6-3, 10-12, 6-4. Afterward, the winner tearfully embraced Sarah and said: "We did it!"

"Nonsense," said Coach Palfrey "you did it just by being yourself."

PASS THE PASTA

There is no intellectual or sociological problem too complex for that widely known scholar and master of the non sequitur, Charles Dillon (Casey) Stengel. The other day, for example, Casey stepped in where André Malraux, Bertrand Russell and our own Roy Terrell have feared to tread and explained perfectly why there are so many good baseball

players of Italian descent. "It's because they eat a lot of spaghetti," said Casey, ripping through to the heart of the matter. He pantomimed a man rolling a forkful of spaghetti on a spoon. "See?" he went on, "that strengthens the wrists, and you've got to have strong wrists to be a good hitter."

SE HABLA INGLÉS

SMU End Rene Medelina, a son of the southern border, was telling Assistant Coach John Cudmore that he was having troubles with his foreign language course.

"What's your foreign language, Rene?" asked Cudmore.

"Tangles," said Medelina.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Olympic Gold Medalist Bill Noider has put the shot more than 67 feet in practice, believes either Dallas Long or Dave Davis will hit 70 feet one day soon. . . . White Sox Pitcher Al Worthington left the team and went home to Birmingham allegedly because of salary dispute. A religious man, Worthington gave his own reason: "I didn't like the way the White Sox were stealing signs." . . . Archie Moore insists he will defend his light-heavyweight title only "when the price is right." The right price: \$200,000. "It was worth \$150,000 when I won it and the cost of living has gone up since then." . . . With 10 days of regular-season play remaining, the major leagues have a sporting chance to break their combined attendance record of 20,920,842, set in 1948. An average of 20,000 for remaining games will do it. . . . When Indiana's troubles with the NCAA were first revealed, the rumor was that schools outside the Big Ten had complained about overzealous Hoosier recruiting in their territories. NCAA officials refused to confirm this, but the current Indiana starting lineup shows eight out-of-staters, including some from Virginia, Florida, Pennsylvania, West Virginia and Tennessee. . . . At the Yankees-Orioles game last Saturday, Ty Cobb was asked how he thought he'd bit against today's pitchers. "I'd hit .300," said Cobb. Since this seemed conservative for a man hardly famous for modesty, the next question was, "Is that all?" Said Cobb, "You've got to remember—I'm 73."

FACES IN THE CROWD



DOUG GALLAGHER, a left-hander undiminished by the loss of his last 19 games, gave the Charlotte Hornets no hits, only two walks (in the same inning), struck out eight, as his Knoxville Smokies clinched the semifinal playoffs of the Class A South Carolina League.



CECIL NEWMAN, a West Palm Beach, Fla. air-conditioning salesman and mid-70s golfer, outputted 26 qualifiers from U.S. and Canada to win Ashbury Park, N.J.'s International Miniature Golf Tournament, carried off a trophy, a plaque and a \$1,000.



HU SNYDROP of Seattle, piloting stock-foot, Everdrift-powered *Starfile III*, reached 122.978 mph on Arizona's Havasu Lake, set an unofficial world outboard speed record, won back the title he lost last year to Mercury and Spalane's Burt Ross Jr.



ANN RUTHERFORD-FORD, Harrisburg, Pa. teenager, granddaughter of longtime Penn State golf coach and first woman athlete to represent the school when she was a coed, shot a 244 to become low amateur in LPGA open tournament at Grouse, N.Y.



STANLEY MAT. THEWS JR., 14-year-old tennis-playing son of Britain's famous footballer, romped through one straight-set victory after another to become youngest player in history to win boys' singles in junior Wimbledon championships.



HARRY MELGES JR. of Lake Geneva, Wis., retained sailing's Mullet Cup (held this year in Class E snow) by winning six of eight races and scoring 54½ of a possible 60 points, to beat Bob Mosbacher, six other regional champions on Wisconsin's Lake Mendota.

EDITORIALS

THE MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION

There is danger in sport. "Danger and delight," wrote John Lyly in 1578, "grow on one stalk." And, wrote John Milton 56 years later, "Danger will wink on opportunity."

Britain's Donald Campbell, who holds the speed record on water of 260.35 mph, winked at opportunity last week and smashed his car (considerably) and himself (somewhat) when aiming at the world's land speed mark of 394.2 mph.

Why do sportsmen try at such risk to conquer space and time—and fear? For glory, yes, for practical reasons and for the flag, too. Donald Campbell, before he came to the Bonneville Salt Flats of Utah, said he would like to "flutter the flag a bit for Britain," renew his love affair with the American West and push back the frontiers of automotive engineering. He is a sort of sports commando, as are men and women in other fields of sports adventure.

FAREWELL AND HAIL

Three aging sports stars bowed out last week, and one, unhowed, elected to stay in. We salute all four of them. Maurice Richard, the fiery, 39-year-old Rocket who has scored 626 goals, finally has been conviced by injuries and age that he should hereafter promote ice hockey from the sidelines. Amos Alonzo Stagg, labeled on sports pages "The Grand Old Man of Football," also called it quits as volunteer advisory coach for Stockton College, California. "For the past 70 years I have been a coach," Mr. Stagg wrote. "At 88 years of age, it seems a good time to stop." Lou Groza, known as "The Toe" in Cleveland and throughout pro football, decided after 10 National League seasons and a record

Some call them foolhardy; we call them brave. A few moralists question their right to risk their lives; we feel that so long as they are taking calculated risks without obvious danger to spectators or others in their path, it is their privilege and their honor.

Campbell said in England before he left for Utah and his near-tragic trial that he doesn't like "uncalculated risks. There is always a factor of ignorance in these projects," he added, "even after a design is tested and retested, and to my nervous mind that is enough danger."

Men climb mountains and fail, or succeed, and go on to harder challenges. Of his own effort to better John Cobb's land record (Cobb was killed when his speedboat disintegrated on Loch Ness in 1952), Donald Campbell also said: "The whole idea is a little like climbing a mountain, but there's no summit to it. You're trying to better anything mankind has done before."

These are good words. The challenge in the dangerous sports outweighs the hazard; the triumph over fear enriches mankind as much as does the conquest of space and time.

Men are trying here and elsewhere to reach the moon, the stars and other planets, as they used to explore the seas and deserts. Campbell was right when he said, "While it's frightfully exciting to think of going to the moon, there's still a lot to be learned on this planet."

number of field goals (131) that a sore back made it advisable, at 36, to yield to the bright young men of the Cleveland Browns.

Meanwhile, Stan Musial, admired in St. Louis and throughout baseball as "The Man," decided—at the same age as the Rocket—that he would try for at least one more World Series chance.

The sports scene must be impoverished by these three departures. But a decision to go when the going is good is difficult for the best men in every walk of life. Sport also gains when its top stars reveal moral and mental maturity, when they prove that humility can be combined with intense competitiveness.

As for Stan Musial, we hope his decision is wise. Maybe the game does owe him one last big year.

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FOR ALL THE

HOURE OF A LIFETIME



BALTIMORE'S BUBBLE BURSTS

Paul Richards and his youthful Orioles made a strong run for the pennant until the Yankees destroyed them

by ROY TERRELL

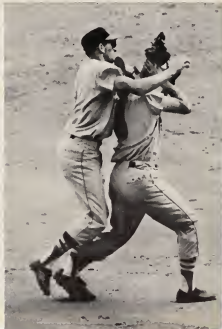
THROUGH five long months and 140 games the Baltimore Orioles played like champions. Sometimes they led the American League, sometimes they fell behind. Always they scrambled, a young team shaking off its mistakes by playing over its head.

Because they played that way, and because it was the kind of a season and the kind of a league in which anyone might win, a nation of baseball fans fell in love with them and began to believe the Orioles might really fly to a pennant. Last weekend the Yankees shot them down.

In the most important series of the

year the Yankees won the first game behind Whitey Ford, and the 4-2 score was not as close as it sounds. They won the second game 5-3 by hitting the ball harder and taking advantage of every break. And on Sunday in a double-header the Yankees played the most aggressive baseball they have played all season, stretch-

ALL SEASON, SHORTSTOP RON HANSEN (LEFT) AND THIRD BASEMAN BROOKS ROBINSON HAD BEEN BALTIMORE ORIOLE HEROES,



ing base hits, forcing the Orioles into hurried mistakes. They won that third game 7-3, and they won the fourth 2-0 on Ralph Terry's superb two-hitter and, when it was all over, the Yankees led the league by four games with only a double handful to play. The Orioles, who came into Yankee Stadium tied for first place, went home to think about next year.

The Orioles did not collapse; they were beaten by a better ball club. This is not a good Yankee team compared to those of the past. The fielding has been erratic, the base-running unspectacular; over the season the Yankees have had neither the brilliant pitching of the Orioles nor the speed and defensive talent of the White Sox. At the plate they are inconsistent. But apparently you cannot beat the Yankees in a big series, even today.

Although the Orioles did not fold under the pressure, they bent slightly and that was all the Yankees needed. Where the Orioles made an occa-

sional mistake (below), the Yankees made none. When Paul Richards was slow to make a decisive move, Casey Stengel was quick, which only proves that Richards is still a genius, junior grade, with a few more things to learn. And always the Yankees could call upon that reservoir of experience and steadiness which comes only from having been down the same rough road so many times before. They also were able to call on that old Yankee invention, the home run.

Because of the home run, no team playing the Yankees ever feels comfortable, even with a three-run lead in the sixth inning. It was true when Ruth and Gehrig were around and it is true today; almost unnoticed, this 1960 club has become the most prolific home-run hitting Yankee team of all time. Before the season is over, the Yankees are almost certain to break their American League record of 190, which came in 1956, Mickey Mantle's 52-homer year.

No one will hit 52 this time, but a

lot of people have contributed to the total: Roger Maris 39, Mantle 35, Moose Skowron 25, Yogi Berra 15, Tony Kubek and Cletis Boyer 13 apiece, Hector Lopez 9. It is the home run that has kept the Yankees in the 1960 pennant race and it was the home run that broke Baltimore's back last Friday night in the first game of the series.

The Friday crowd, which eventually was to grow to 49,217, the largest to watch a single night game in the American League all year, was slow to arrive but as it built up, so, too, did the tension that hung over the huge old Stadium in The Bronx. It enveloped the young Orioles, who had never faced a situation quite like this before, and it even slipped inside the classically calm exterior of the Yankees. Both teams were quiet. Very quiet.

Richards held a short pregame meeting in the visiting clubhouse. There was no pep talk. "That's the

continued

BUT IN THE KEY SERIES WITH THE NEW YORK YANKEES THEY SUMBLED TOGETHER AND MANAGED TO DROP A SIMPLE POP FLY





SAD LOSER Paul Richards had looked upon Yankee series as "most important I ever managed." His utter defeat was tempered by bright hopes for his young team.

BALTIMORE BUBBLE *continued*

one thing we don't need," he said. "The problem now is to keep them loose. I warned them again to watch out for Ford's pickoff move, and the pitchers and catchers went down the Yankee roster. That's all. Lord, we've been through this all season; there's no reason to do anything different now."

Over in the Yankee clubhouse, Stengel fiddled interminably with his lineup cards until he hit upon the right combination, then went out to sit on the bench and entertain the writers with stories, some of them new.

Just when it seemed that everyone present would clutch his throat from the pressure, stagger wildly around in small circles and fall kicking to the ground, the Yankee organization, like the British Empire upon which it is patterned, came nobly through. Out of the public-address system boomed the pear-shaped tones of Bob Shepherd, the stadium P.A. man.

"The Yankee ground crew . . .

which holds the major league record of 42.3 seconds . . . for covering the field . . . will now attempt to break that record." While neighbor looked at neighbor in disbelief—and Baltimore's Steve Barber, who was trying to warm up, looked around in disgust—the record-setting ground crew leaped into violent action. One record setter, a little too violent, fell down; before he could regain his feet, the huge cylinder that holds the tarpaulin had rolled halfway up his leg. For a moment it was touch and go whether his co-workers would keep rolling in pursuit of the record and leave their friend's imprint forevermore upon the Yankee infield, or back off. Yankee-haters will be surprised to learn they did the humane thing. Back went the cylinder, out came the fallen and away went any chance for a record. The time was not announced.

"I didn't think a record could count unless it was really raining," said one fan.

"I didn't even know there was a record," said another.

For three innings Barber and Ford pitched scoreless baseball, a pair of very good left-handers separated by 10 years of age and—what eventually turned out to be more important—10 years of big league experience. In the fourth, Barber offered Hector Lopez what Nellie Fox likes to call "the ever-popular hanging curve ball," and Lopez hit it high in the air, down the right-field line, off Jackie Brandt's wildly outstretched glove—and into the crowd for a home run. It was only the ninth home run of the year for Lopez but his fifth in eight games. Sooner or later all the Yankees get the bug.

No. 39 for Maris

In the fifth, Bobby Richardson singled and Maris hit a Barber slider deep into the lower right-field stands, near the Yankee bullpen. Only five of Maris' home runs have been hit off left-handed pitching but there was little question about this one. Brandt started back, digging hard, then slowed and jogged to the low fence, watching the ball catch up with him, pass over his head and, finally, disappear into the eager arms of the crowd.

The final Yankee run came on a walk to Lopez, Clete Boyer's single into center and a ground ball back to Barber, who made the courageous mistake of trying for an inning-ending double play, which missed. The Orioles finally scored with two out in the ninth, forcing Stengel to take Ford out and bring in Bobby Shantz. The big hit was a bases-loaded single by Jim Busby, but then Shantz struck out Marv Breeding on three pitches. The Yankees led, in the series and in the duel for the pennant, one game to none.

"I brought another left-hander in to pitch to their right-handers," said Stengel in the dressing room later, scratching his white hair, "because I didn't want to see those left-hand hitters, particularly that Gentile, come in there."

Despite the Yankee home runs, the Orioles gave all the credit to Ford. He has beaten them 26 times since they came into the league in 1954, and even in what has been a bad year for Whitey, he has been tough on Baltimore.

"I don't know what he throws those other teams," said Walt Dropo, "but the way he pitches against us, I don't see how he ever loses."

That same night the White Sox

lost to Detroit 4-3 on an eighth-inning home run by Harry Chitt and fell four games behind the Yankees in the loss column. This not only made Stengel rejoice but gave a slight measure of comfort to Richards as well. "I may not be as happy as Stengel today," he said in the clubhouse before Saturday's game, "but maybe I feel a little better than Al Lopez."

"It was good to get that first one," Stengel said, waiting for Saturday's game to begin, "because now they can't get them all so I guess that puts us in a better spot, especially if we can get some of those home runs."

The Yankees got their home runs again. It was a good ball game, a very good ball game, and it took the Yankees a long time to put Chuck Estrada down. As a matter of fact, it took three hours and one minute, and Estrada, first pitcher in the American League to win 17 games, never went completely down, just far enough.

In the first inning, with Lopez on base, Mantle hit a ball deep into the upper right-field stands, a real triple-decker, for a 2-0 lead.

In the third, the Orioles loaded the bases with none out, but Bob Turley then set down Gene Woodling, Jim Gentile and Brooks Robinson, 1-2-3. Turley was in trouble again in the fourth but wiggled out, getting Estrada to hit into a double play. In the fifth, Woodling walked, Gentile singled, and Robinson singled Woodling home. Later Richards could only shake his head. "If the same three guys who got us the run in the fifth had hit like that in the third, we'd have had 16 runs." Even without 16 runs, the Orioles tied the score in the sixth when Gas Triandos socked one into the left-field seats.

Then Berra hit one into the right-field seats and the Yankees led 3-2. Then Gentile hit one upstairs to keep Mantle's ball company and the score was tied. By this time Turley was long gone, so was Shantz, so was Bill Stafford, and Jim Coates was soon to go, as Stengel maneuvered his pitchers, taking them out at the first sign of weakness, hitting for them when there was a chance to score a run.

For the Orioles, however, Estrada was still around and perhaps this was Richards' only error. In the eighth

continued



CALM WINNERS Whitely Ford (above) and Bobby Richardson (below, with son Ron) had oldtime Yankee poise in clutch, came through with top performances.



Berra hit a hard bounding ball down to first base which took a bad hop and glanced off Gentile's arm, going out into center field. Yogi hustled it into a double. Skowron was walked, intentionally. Estrada, tiring visibly, walked Pinch-hitter John Blanchard, unintentionally, to load the bases. Then Bobby Richardson hit a line drive back to Estrada; it bounced off the pitcher's glove, out into right field and two Yankee runs scored. That was the ball game, and the Yankees led two games to none.

"It was an odd game to watch," said Stengel. "Everybody was hitting the ball over the buildings. I started to hit for Richardson, but I needed him to play second base."

"They outplayed us and they out-hit us," said Richards. "That's all there is to it. Tomorrow it looks like we have to draw to the inside straight."

Tomorrow was Sunday, and while rain fell on almost 55,000 fans, and delayed the start of the double-header nearly an hour, Richards sat in his office, talking to visitors. "I guess it's up to Fisher and Pappas," he said. "Who's pitching for them?"

Somebody told him Art Ditmar and Ralph Terry. "That's right," said Richards. "Terry. I'd almost forgotten they had him."

The Yankees won the first game easily behind the pitching of Ditmar and Jim Coates and with the benefit of a four-run third inning. Tony Kubek started it with a home run; and while no other Yankees hit home runs that long afternoon, Yankee doubles and triples fell around the Orioles like raindrops. Jack Fisher, who had won his last six games and pitched three consecutive shutouts in that stretch, couldn't get a man out in the third inning and was followed by Hoyt Wilhelm, Jerry Walker and Billy Hoelt. The Yankees piled up 12 hits and ran the Orioles ragged. Ron Hansen, the fine young shortstop, made a bad cut-off of a throw from the outfield when, if he had let the ball go through, Hector Lopez might well have been caught going into third base. Woodling misplayed a Richardson hit into a triple.

The last game of the series, the one which really sent the Orioles back home very ill—and maybe dead—was the most professionally accomplished of all. Terry had a no-hitter through seven innings; his opponent,

Milt Pappas, gave up only five. But in the fourth inning a pop-fly double by Richardson fell in short right field between three converging Orioles to set up a Yankee run. Terry bunted Richardson to third and Kubek scored him with a sacrifice fly. The other Yankee run came in the eighth when Pappas loaded the bases with one out, and Berra, now a pinch hitter, hit another sacrifice fly. Terry didn't need that second run. He didn't put an Oriole on base until the seventh, when Robinson walked. The first Baltimore hit was a single by Hansen which bounced over third base in the eighth inning; the second and last was a single into left center by Jackie Brandt in the ninth with two out.

There were still two weeks to go and maybe the Yankees weren't in just yet, but they were awfully close. They hadn't bombed the Orioles out of sight, as they might have in the old days, but in those four games the Yankees finally managed to prove something they had been unable to prove in 140 earlier games spread across a season. They were, once again, the best team in the American League. The Orioles could wait until next year.

END

EXPLAINING HIS TRICKS WITH CUSTOMARY VERVE, CASEY STENGEL ANALYZES YANKEE VICTORIES IN POSTGAME POST-MORTEM





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IN PRESS BOX COMMAND POST, "QUARTERBACK" TOMMY PROTHRO (LEFT) GETS TIP ON USC SOFT SPOT FROM ASSISTANT RON SIEGRIST

HOW THE 'WILD CARD' WORKS

College football's new "wild card" rule permits a team to send a "free" substitute into the game after each play. Whether he stays in for one play or 20, he can be sent back as often as the coach desires as long as he is designated as the "free" substitute and not a serious replacement. (Serious replacements are allowed only one "re-entry" per period; then they have to become "free" substitutes themselves). Coaches introduced the rule last winter, ostensibly to permit proper employment of specialists, but the substitute also can become a mere messenger between bench and team.

On football's first big weekend, one coach promptly and devastatingly exploited the new rule. Seated high up in a press-box radio booth, where he had a better view of the patterns and tactics of the game than he would have had at ground level, Oregon State's Coach Tommy Prothro telephoned his instructions before each play to an assistant on the bench; those were transmitted to the "wild card" substitute, who took them onto the field. The upshot: Oregon State defeated USC (an 18-point favorite) by a score of 14-0 to provide one of 1960's first major college upsets.

Writer Tobin sat next to Prothro throughout the experiment. This is his account of the first football game ever completely quarterbacked by remote control.

HIGH-LEVEL STRATEGY

by JACK TOBIN

HELLO, hello," Tommy Prothro barked into the telephone headset. "It doesn't work," he said, turning to a telephone maintenance man. "It's got to work, how else can I run my team?"

"They haven't plugged their set in on the field," the phoneman said.

Moments later Prothro was connected with Doug Bradley, the Oregon State backfield coach. Bradley's job was to relay Head Coach Prothro's instructions to Bob Watson, his first assistant, who was in charge on the field. With Prothro in the Los Angeles Coliseum radio booth was Ron Siegrist, co-captain and blocking back on Prothro's first Beaver club in 1955.

Prothro was tense. This was to be the last meeting between these old rivals until November 16, 1963. Only three times since 1916 had Oregon State defeated USC, and never in the five-year reign of Tommy Prothro had Oregon State won in Los Angeles. Only one starter from Prothro's so-so 1959 team was playing, Wingback Art Gilmore. Most of the rest were sophomores, and 16 of them would be playing in their first varsity game.

continued



ON PROTHRO'S ORDERS, TAILBACK TERRY BAKER HURDLES OVER THE USC LINEMEN

HIGH LEVEL *continued*

"Hello, Doug," Prothro called. "Stay right here with me from now on. Don't leave for any reason."

"You got those quarterbacks with you? You'd just better have them so when we get the ball we're ready to go."

"Man," he said a few seconds later, "let's get going."

It was 8:02 p.m. "Doug," Prothro remembered with a start, "have the manager give you the extra-point tee,

the rubber one. Have it with you all the time. We might need it."

It was 8:04 p.m. when Amos Marsh, an end from Walkowa, Ore. kicked off for Oregon State to the USC 23. "He's been kicking off into the end zone for two weeks," Prothro said, "I guess he's more nervous than I am."

Prothro had good reason to be nervous. Last spring, after passage of the "old card" rule, he and his staff devised an intricate card system intended to keep track of substitu-

tions. They wanted most to conserve the Beavers' limited manpower and to keep the 16 first-year men from playing both on defense and offense. This system was in the charge of Bud Gibbs, a pre-Prothro letterman end at OSC. Line Coach Bob Zeilins, ex-UCLA, was to handle the defense.

In front of Prothro as play began were elaborate game plans charted on yellow, legal-size paper. A newly lighted cigarette smoldered in the ash tray in front of him. Another was in his mouth. His lighter snapped on brightly as USC ran its first play.

"We didn't play that sweep inside out, Doug," Prothro snapped over his phone. "Let's get straight now."

USC made little progress in its series of downs, and Marlin McKeever, the All-America end making his debut at fullback, punted dead on the OSC 35.

Missing person

"What's Gilmore doing on the bench?" Prothro asked frantically. "He's supposed to be in the game. Get him in."

"Fullback 11, Fullback 11," Prothro repeated as the Beavers took over on offense.

"You've got to run them in a little quicker," Prothro added as the first shuttleman went in. Fullback Hank Rivera got seven yards on a sweep around right end.

"Fullback 12, Fullback 12," Prothro called, repeating to be sure Bradley heard correctly.

Don Kasso, a junior tailback from Berkeley, Calif., swept around right end for 21 yards and a first down on the Trojan 35.

"Quick sweep, quick sweep," Prothro told the bench, directing the tailback to go wide around the end farthest from the near sideline. "He [Kasso] made a fine move on that one," Prothro said a moment later, turning to Siegrat, whose binoculars were trained on USC's defensive alignment.

Kasso got only two yards cutting in at right tackle on the sweep play. But Oregon State appeared to be marching.

"Fullback 11, Fullback 11," he called. This got the Beavers seven yards at left end, due mostly to a fine fake and cut by Halfback Art Gilmore.

Two quick plays, a sweep by Kasso

ON SWEEP PLAY, TAILBACK DON KASSO GOES AROUND THE LINE FOR 13-YARD GAIN



for seven yards and a buck up the middle by Rivera, left Oregon State with third and one on the USC 16.

"Quick sweep right," Prothro yelled. "That's the block, that sprung him," he said to no one in particular as Kasso turned the corner for the touchdown. "He's in, he's in, Doug!"

"Send Mason in to hold, Ankerson kicking," Grimm Mason, a senior tailback from Watsonville, Calif., held the ball as Tim Ankerson, a sophomore quarterback from Santa Ana, Calif., kicked the extra point, and after five minutes and 27 seconds of the game Oregon State led 7-0.

Prothro knocked on the wood under the Formica-topped work counter.

"That's more like it, Doug, more like it," he said next as Marsh got off a high kickoff which Halfback Jerry Traynham took on the Trojan 20.

"Oh boy, who was that? He put his head down. Keep it up, boy, keep it up. You've got to see 'em to hit 'em," Prothro said angrily. A moment later he shouted: "Fumble! Fumble! Our ball, Doug, our ball." Oregon State had recovered on the USC 29.

"Fullback strong end hook," Prothro called. Sophomore Tailback Terry Baker was trapped for a four-yard loss.

"Who's that hurt?" Prothro asked anxiously. "Cilmore? Tell Bud [Gibbs] that when Cilmore goes back in he's got to go back free. He's used up his entries." Prothro was referring to another substitution rule that permits any player to re-enter the game once in each quarter. He can go in subsequent times only as a wild card.

"Doug, tell 'em to be sure and go by that man with the orange arm [the check-in official for substitutions] when they go in."

"Strong right option," Prothro snapped. The play went for five yards to the Trojan 28 but it was fourth down and nine yards to go. Prothro ordered a field-goal attempt: "Send in Mason to hold, Marsh kicking."

"Nope. No good," he sighed as the ball fell short and to the left. "Doug, what's wrong with Cilmore? Is he hurt bad? Find out. Let me know."

"Oh, he's O.K., fine, fine. Remember he's got to go in free."

USC started a drive on its own 28 that seemed destined to reach the end zone. It moved down to the Beaver five. When it was second and goal to go, Prothro slowly got to his feet.

"I've got to stretch or I'll die," he said, getting up with great care. He was protecting his back, which he had strained a few days before. A moment later his bad back was forgotten. "Fumble! Fumble!" Prothro yelled as USC Quarterback Al Prukop lost the ball, and OSC recovered on its own seven.

"Be ready, Doug, I might say punt," Prothro warned as he called play 11. It was a wingback reverse and Gilmore picked up 14 yards. But Oregon State failed to gain any more yardage.

"Punt," Prothro ordered. "Now Doug, tell Bud the next time we get

booth, Prothro looked tired and grim. "I feel like I've been out there all the way," he said. Beside him, Siegrist was carefully going over Polaroid prints of USC defenses made during the first half.

Fullback Chuck Marshall returned Dave Morgan's kickoff 10 yards to the Beaver 19, and Prothro went to work again.

"Fullback 11," he called. This time USC was waiting for Gilmore, and the reverse around left end gained only four yards. Terry Baker's "spot pass to the weak end" was broken up by Morgan.

"92 pass," Prothro called, and it



ACTING ON HIS OWN, CENTER DERIBSCHOP (32) GRABS FUMBLE ON SEVEN-YARD LINE

the ball I'm going to send in one man to quick-kick.

"Don't send any offensive personnel in. Get a center with you. Have him tell Mason [the tailback] to line up at wingback, buck the end and cover [protect the kicker]."

"Our team sure looks tired, Ron." Prothro said to Siegrist. "But maybe they're a little tired too."

With a minute to go before the half ended, Prothro painfully pushed himself up from his chair.

"Ron, it's yours," he said. "I'm going down. Don't let anyone in." Prothro left for the dressing room and the half-time intermission.

When he returned to the radio

clicked for seven yards and a first down on Oregon State's 40. A reverse to Cilmore got only a yard.

"41 pass," Prothro ordered, and it went from Baker to Amos Marsh for 22 yards and a first down on the Trojan 37.

Baker got two yards at left tackle. On a "41 pass" call by Prothro, Baker found all his receivers covered. He took off around left end for nine yards and a first down on the 26.

"92 pass, 92 pass!" Prothro called excitedly. Ankerson raced onto the field with the call. Deliberately Terry Baker took the snap from center, started off as if to sweep, then threw

continued

a running pass out of the single wing to Gilmore. The play gained 21 yards. USC had a first down on the five.

"Sweep 12, sweep 12 with Kasso," was the coach's command. Tailback Don Kasso entered for Baker and powered over left tackle for three yards to the two.

"30, 30," Prothro called. "Doug, have Baker right with you for the next one.

"Come on, blocking back!" Prothro yelled as the ball snapped into Marshall's hands and he charged behind Ankerson.

"He got it, he got it," Prothro said, throwing his hands up in a salute of happiness as Marshall scored.

"Ankerson to kick," he called, quickly getting back to business. Ankerson booted the point, and Oregon State led 14-0. There were still 24 minutes to go.

"Don't let down, don't let down, Doug," Prothro warned. "Tell Watson to tell 'em not to let down."

As USC marched into Oregon State territory late in the third period, Prothro barked: "We're not hustling. Tell 'em to carry it to them now. Be aggressive. Don't relax."

USC Quarterback Al Prukop fumbled again.

"The bishop's got it. The bishop's got it," Siegrist yelled, watching closely through his glasses as sophomore Center Dick DeBisschop of San

Anselmo, Calif., recovered on the USC 42.

Prothro called a variety of plays, but Oregon State couldn't get rolling and USC again took possession of the ball.

"Pressure, pressure," Prothro called down. "Put the pressure on that passer. Don't let him pray back there. Doug," he reiterated after two plays, "We're not getting much pressure. Pressure, pressure. That's the only thing a passer feels. Hey," he added, "ask Watson how tired we look."

USC dominated the first part of the final period and midway in the quarter penetrated to the Oregon State 17, third and two. Then Denny Pieters, a guard from Salem, Ore., slashed in to drop Quarterback Ben Charles for a 12-yard loss.

The tide turns

"Fourth down, fourth down, come on boys," Prothro said softly. Then he yelled: "No gain. Our ball!"

As the Beavers came up to the line, Prothro called down: "35's the play, Doug." Then in an aside to Siegrist: "Kasso's hurt though, how can we move the ball?" Siegrist didn't answer. Marshall made three yards.

"30, 30" was Prothro's next call. "We haven't got the personnel to make a first down," he complained, turning away from the field as the Beavers huddled.

"Kasso's hurt. Gilmore's limping and I don't want to run him. Rivera

is out with the knee. We just haven't got enough manpower."

Marshall got two yards. "Fullback 11," Prothro ordered, and Gilmore brought a big smile and great relief to Prothro's face as he ran 16 yards on his gimpy leg to the USC 48. Gilmore got eight more on the same play to the Trojan 40, and suddenly it looked as though Oregon State might score again before the clock ran out.

With a little more than a minute to go, Oregon State was on the USC 10. "Put Hilliard in, quick," Prothro ordered. Gene Hilliard, a small wingback, shot into the game and picked up eight yards and a first down on the two.

"Quick sweep, Quick sweep," Prothro yelled. Then he got up to leave for the dressing room. "You call the rest, Ron."

"No, I'll stay," he reflected as Baker was held for no gain. "Running pass!" Prothro yelled, but the game ended before the Beavers could get the play off.

"Calling a game is tough," Prothro said later. "There'll be lots of weeks people will wish I hadn't. It has its disadvantages. Not being close to the players, not being able to tell yourself how tired they are. Not being able to adjust your substitutions exactly as you want, when you want."

"But there are more advantages to being in the press box and calling plays than there are disadvantages. You have a better perspective. You can see the defenses better and you can see your execution better. You're like a blind man in a dungeon on that field. You never know what's going on."

Did his signal calling win the game? somebody asked.

"The best signal-caller in the world isn't worth a damn if the team isn't any good. Calling signals didn't win this game. Our team won it by the execution of its plays. Sure, I spotted weaknesses in the USC defense from time to time. Every defense you set up has a weakness. But they sure corrected them quickly."

When reporters told Johnny McKay, Southern California's new coach, that Prothro had called all the plays from the press box, McKay said he saw "nothing wrong with that," but added that he would continue to let his quarterbacks call most of the plays. "Some of mine," he said, "didn't work out so well."

END

PROTHRO CALLS PLAY 11 TO SPRING WINGBACK ART GILMORE FOR 14-YARD GAIN



PHOTOGRAPH BARCLAY

CHAIRS DAVID BARRETT INTERIORS



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YOUNG MEN ON A SPREE

Deane Beman, 22, won the National Amateur, and he was one of the older stars

by GWILYM BROWN



BEMAN SKIPS AS CRUCIAL PUTT DROPS

AS THE SUN sank behind the 18th tee at the St. Louis Country Club one day last week, it seemed entirely possible that the four semifinal spots in the 60th National Amateur golf championship would soon be occupied by fuzzy-cheeked kids. Lending the way at one point in the quarter-finals was a relatively old gentleman of 22 named Deane

Beman, closely followed by three teen-agers.

As it turned out, of this group only Beman and Charles Francis Lewis III, who is 19, made it into the semifinals. But a third survivor, John Farquhar from Amarillo, Texas, was only 24 years old, and along with the defeated defending champion, Jack Nicklaus, and a dozen or so other players, he helped make it quite clear that tournament golf, at least on the amateur level, is becoming a young man's sport.

Lewis is a case in point. Called Junior Junior to distinguish him from his father, a pro at the Little Rock Country Club, he has a swing that belongs in a bowling alley. He crouches low over the ball, then leans way back on his right foot, his head swaying like a metronome. His backswing is exceptionally short, his downswing begins with a loop and a violent lurch to the left. But, oddly enough, the results are good, and he plays with such confidence that he never occurs to him that he will lose. Lewis met Defending Champion Nicklaus (SI, Sept. 12), only 20 himself, in the fourth round of match play. Nicklaus was 10 under par for the first three rounds, had been playing brilliantly, and apparently was headed for his second championship in a row. What did Lewis think? "I knew he was playing good," Lewis said, "but I thought maybe he'd have a letdown and I'd beat him." He did, too, when Nicklaus' putting went sour.

His victory made Lewis the story of the tournament. Large, appreciative galleries goggled at his peculiar style, and then gasped as he hit many shots close to the cup. He sailed through the fifth and sixth rounds, and it wasn't until he met Bob Gardner, 39, a former California and New York Metropolitan champion, that he faltered. Gardner was meeting his third consecutive 19-year-old and his game was beginning to tire. Time after time he and Lewis failed to cash in on their chances. Finally, on the 35th, Gardner banged in an 11-foot putt for a winning par, and the match ended. "I'm all worn out," he said as he tottered off the green toward the quiet sanctity of his hotel room. "I'm a nervous wreck."

The one person who wasn't a nervous wreck, of course, was Beman, whom Gardner would meet in the

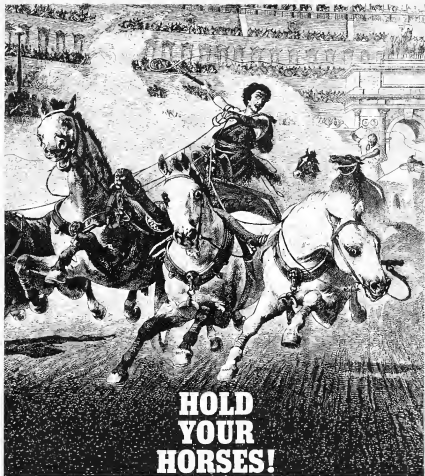
final. Beman's only scare in the tournament came in a hard fought quarter-final match—the week's best—with Bill Hyndman III, the tall 44-year-old long-ball hitter from Philadelphia. Hyndman, second to Beman in the 1959 British Amateur, is one of the finest golfers in the country, but until he absorbs some of the courage of youth on the putting greens he will never win an important event.

Beman took a three-hole lead after only four had been played. Hyndman, following approach shots that bounced to within two, six, 10 and three feet from the hole, scored four birdies to even the match after nine holes. But Hyndman was working very hard over every shot and every putt. The physical strain finally affected his usually faultless swing. Lashing into an iron shot to the 188-yard 16th, he shanked the ball far over into the 17th fairway and lost the hole. The next two holes were halved in par, but the match ended on the first extra hole when Beman stood up to a 15-foot putt and rapped it into the cup as casually as if he had been taking a swing.

Against Gardner in the final Beman shot a 3-under-par 68 in the morning for a three-hole lead he never gave up. Gardner played very good golf (he was two over par for the day), but Beman chipped two more strokes from par in the afternoon and closed out the match, rather decisively, on the 32nd hole.

Between now and next year's Amateur at Pebble Beach in California, Deane Randolph Beman, who is the ninth person to have won both the U.S. and British Amateurs, will be a busy man. He will play next week in the World Amateur Team championship at Merion, outside Philadelphia, and this winter he will try to keep his game in shape while supporting his wife Miriam, a 2-year-old daughter Amy, and a child the Bemans expect in January. He has a degree in business administration to earn at the University of Maryland and is holding down two jobs in insurance sales and public relations. By the time September 1961 arrives, an older and, hopefully, mellower Deane Beman will enter the Amateur and discover there 50 previously unknown youngsters, who, like Junior Junior Lewis, are quite eager and quite capable of beating him, or Jack Nicklaus, or anybody else.

END



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AFTER AN EARLY PRACTICE RUN, DONALD CAMPBELL RESTS IN "BLUEBIRD'S" COCKPIT AS HIS WIFE, TONIA, TAKES HIS SHOES OFF



A BRAVE CHALLENGE FAILS

Racing to be the first to do 400 mph, Donald Campbell swerved off course, injuring himself and wrecking his car

by HAYS GOREY

BLUESHED nosed out onto the oil-blackened speed-record lane on the Bonneville Salt Flats one morning last week and urgently began to gather momentum. Passing the 1½-mile mark, the futuristic four-ton car drifted ever so slightly off line. Suddenly it catapulted 235 yards through the air, crashed thunderously on its right side, then bounced upright, but with the right wheels missing.

Rescue men sprinted to the wreckage of the world's most expensive automobile. They threw back the armored-glass cockpit cover and unstrapped the semiconscious driver.

"Are you all right, Donald?" one of them shouted.

The only reply from 39-year-old Donald Campbell, Britain's fastest man on water and aspirant to the same distinction on land (SI, Aug. 22), was an unintelligible mumble. Blood spewed from his ear. One eye rolled crazily.

But, had as he looked, Campbell was able to walk from the ambulance which took him to a hospital at tiny Tootle, Utah. "Tell the boys to get the car in shape," he ordered Project Manager Peter Carr, "so we can have another go at it." Carr had bad news. "It's a complete washout," he was compelled to say.

More bad news came from Campbell's doctors, who discovered a hairline skull fracture. Neither man nor machine could possibly be fit before

the end of Bonneville's 1960 season.

Thus ended Campbell's and Britain's dream—at least for this year—of exceeding the 13-year-old British-held record of 394.2 mph. The flats were now left open for America's husky super hot rod, Mickey Thompson, who a week earlier had achieved a one-way record of 406 mph. Since it takes the average of two runs, going and coming back, for an absolute record, Thompson plans this week to climb into his *Challenger* and try to go more than 400 mph both ways.

Meanwhile, the flats buzzed with *Bluebird* post-mortems. Most witnesses supposed that Campbell had tried to overcorrect for an incipient

continued

HIGH-WHEELED "BLUEBIRD" HURTTLES ACROSS MOUNTAIN-RINGED FLATS IN ONE OF TEST RUNS WHICH PRECEDED CAMPBELL'S CRASH



skid, and Campbell himself hinted that this was true. At Bonneville speeds (one of Campbell's men said *Bluebird* was traveling at 365 mph) a small tug on the steering wheel can mean disaster. One such tug caused the death this summer of Athol Graham, an overzealous mechanic, in his home-built *City of Salt Lake* (SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Aug. 8). Another sent Thompson's *Challenger* into a series of sickening swoops over the flats last month. This was the Californian's closest brush with death in 10 years at Bonneville.

As the British headed home this week to rebuild *Bluebird* for another try at Bonneville next summer, they had at least one consolation: the next model will cost only a fraction of the \$4.5 million spent (by 89 British firms) on the first one. That sum included the original design by Engineer Lewis Norris, the development of a hundred and one special components, and a hurry-up assembly operation. All told, 750,000 man-hours went into the car. The engine was not damaged and will be used again. Every Briton concerned is convinced that this was the car to smash the record. They all are ready to try again.

They cannot, however, escape the ever more apparent fact that today's land-record cars have outgrown the flats. The course is just 13 miles long—which means that a driver has only six miles in which to accelerate to the measured mile and another six miles in which to stop. When a man accelerates fast enough to pierce the 400-mph barrier within that cramped stretch of ground his tiniest errors are magnified enormously.

"I know the salt," Mickey Thompson says. "When you start to slip you've got to let the car have its way. Then slowly, gradually—your sixth sense tells you how—you bring it back. Do it too fast, as I did a couple of weeks ago, and you've turned sideways. You'll flip and roll, and then it's up to fate."

To break the record, Campbell will have to accelerate next year's *Bluebird* violently enough to invite another smashup. **END**

RELIC IN THE DESERT of Campbell's crash is this dislodged, shattered wheel.

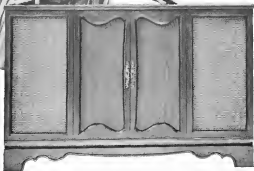






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Rex Lardner, free-lance writer and nephew of the late humorist Ring Lardner, is a swing-from-the-heels, no-nonsense golfer. The worst nonsense, he has come to believe, is to permit women to clutter up the course. Here, in a chapter from his recent book 'Out of the Bunker and into the Trees' (Bobbs-Merrill, \$2.95) is Mr. Lardner's story of the golf match that led to his bitter conclusion

THE ULTIMATE HAZARD



by REX LARDNER

Not long ago a professional asked me what I thought was the greatest hazard in golf. It was not the woods, I told him, or the traps or the greens. It was lady golfers. He had to agree.

I am not one of those 19th century authoritarians, you understand, who insist that women stay in the kitchen,

or even in the house. I am all in favor of their getting out and having a ball. I grant they live longer than men, cook better and are better equipped to fly a rocket to the moon.

But let them stay the hell off the golf course.

Their giggles carry from the first green to the 9th, and players coming

continued

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back are in danger from shots made by ladies going out. Aware of their long life expectancy, they play slowly, hunt for a ball for 20 minutes and permute their scores the way they figure out who has to pay for what after lunch at Schrafft's.

I have played a few times with women in mixed foursomes—which, strictly speaking, isn't golf, any more than mixed doubles is tennis, or women's wrestling is wrestling. (Women's wrestling is *fired*, you know. I'm surprised Congress hasn't torn the lid off.) So you don't much care in the mixed game whether you win or lose. All you want to do is make a jackass out of your male opponent and get his partner to flare up at him, which can sometimes be amusing.

But playing against a woman in competition—that is a grim undertaking, all mixed up with chivalry, guilt, the libido, the Oedipus and goodness knows what else.

Let me cite the first and only experience I had playing against a lady golfer, showing the kind of neuroathletic pressure this induces. I was seated at the club bar, a leathery, altogether homey room with a kind of roughhewn atmosphere. I had a short whisky in one hand, a menu

in the other, and I was working myself into the proper mood for a round of golf. I anticipated playing a fast 18, not slowed by a plodding opponent; and I was determined to knife through any lady foursomes or twosomes or whatever klatsch happened to be ahead of me.

The room was deserted except for the bartender, Harry. He was sterilizing the glasses by blowing hot air on them and drying them with his apron. I was just wondering what kind of sandwich to order when a rather attractive dark-haired, brown-eyed young lady with rosy cheeks came in. She was outfitted to the nines for golf—a brown tweed skirt, action blouse, yellow cardigan sweater, white wool socks, brown-and-white shoes. She was about 5 feet 3 and weighed, I guess, 130.

Not paying much attention to her, I concentrated on the menu as she exchanged a few pleasantries with Harry and downed a rye. When she finished it, she kind of sidled over to where I was and asked me if I would buy her a drink, hon.

"Sure," I said, and ordered for both of us.

"I take it you play golf," I said. She nodded. "I don't think I ran into you here before."

It turned out she was a new mem-

ber. She had joined about two weeks before and played only once, but had to stop after the 3rd hole when she was washed out by rain.

"You don't look washed out to me," I said gallantly.

"It's a pretty tough course," she said with a smile.

"You ever play Fine Valley?" I asked her. "There's a tough course! Texas with bunkers!" Her laughter rang out through the bar. She asked me for another shot.

"I'll have one more, too," I told Harry.

She told me I had interesting hands.

"They're a little wrinkled on the back, I'm afraid, from pronating," I told her. "When you play quite a bit of golf, that's the penalty. You pronate to keep the club face closed."

She nodded as though she knew what I was talking about.

When Harry brought the bottle over, he said, "This gentleman you're talking to is the club champion."

Her eyes bulged wide, I can tell you, and she turned her head to stare me square in the face.

I had to smile and wave a deprecatory hand at Harry. "Hey," I objected. "Don't say that, Harry. There are so many tournaments here you can't tell who's the champ." At that

Drawings by Michael Roman



moment I saw no need to wallow around in the sordid business of handicaps. Turning to her I said, "I'm just the most recent champion, that's all." She thought I was being modest—as indeed I was. "I was just lucky with a couple of two-footers," I said with a shrug.

She exploded into laughter at that, though I didn't mean to be particularly funny.

"You're not by any chance going to play this afternoon, are you?" she asked me. I told her I certainly was, and explained my purpose. She asked nervously if she would hold me up if she went around with me. "I'm not a beginner," she said defensively.

"I'll bet you're not," I said politely. I wish I had bet money.

I told her it would be O.K. In fact, we'd make it a playing lesson. I'd explain the best way to attack the course. "But you'll have to tee off from the men's tees," I said. "I'd hate to think where the balls would land if I stroked them from the ladies' tee," Harry chuckled at that.

"That would be just great," she said, glowing with pleasure.

"Incidentally," I asked her, "did you ever play Wampahanisset?"

"No," she said.

"It's a public links," I informed her. "Beautifully laid out. A test for

any golfer—especially the strategic 4th. First time I played this hole I got an eagle. It's a dogleg with a sharp break to the right. I hit completely around it." I showed her with a gesture the course of the ball, like one of Hubbell's sharp-breaking screwballs. She appeared to understand. "It's like the long 5th at St. Andrews—Hole o'Cross, they call it. Or the first at Pine Valley."

"Have you played St. Andrews?" she asked, her eyes wide.

"Gray St. Andrews?" I said with a reminiscent smile. "Yes, I have, once."

"It must have been exciting," she said. "What did you go around in?"

"Listen," I told her, downing the last of the drink, "let's get started." Harry brought over a chit, and I signed it. "I don't suppose there are any caddies available," I said to him. He reflected a moment and then said he thought not.

"We'll drag our own," I told her. She had a third of a drink left. "Don't get sozzled on me, chicks," I told her, "because you won't be able to concentrate. That's your first lesson—concentration." She nodded obediently.

"I'll put on my track shoes and meet you at the first tee in about 15 minutes," I said. "Hokay?"

"Fine," she said, her eyes round with gratitude.

In my willingness to be of help to this stranger, I forgot lunch. It shows when you go out of your way to do a good turn you generally pay for it.

She came out to the tee, where I was waiting, with a jaunty little golf cap on her head. She was re-rouged and smiling. She had 12 clubs in her bag. I had shimmied mine down to 16.

"What's your name, anyway?" I asked.

"Marge," she said. "Marge Fitt." She pulled out a driver. "I hope I don't disgrace you," she said with an apologetic smile.

I gave her the honor and teed up the ball for her. "Just slam away," I advised her.

The first hole is short, but tough—a 198-yard par 3. It's straight, with a trap halfway down the fairway to the right and two traps on each side of the green. The alley feeding to the green is about 15 yards wide. I seldom shoot it in par. Damn seldom.

She finished a couple of practice swings. "If I were you, I'd aim a little to the left," I said. "There's a slight southwest breeze."

As I suspected, she was a bit nervous. She wagged grimly, wound the club around her ear and gave the ball a terrific slap—but she had the club face too closed, and it sailed in a low curve for about 175 yards and plunked into the rough on the left.

She gave me an I'm-sorry-but-there-it-is look and stepped away to let me get set up. "That won't hurt you a bit," I said comfortingly.

As she watched, silent and respectful, I addressed the ball.

I was probably overconfident—either that or very unsure of myself. It shows what skipping lunch, concentrating on another person's problems and limiting yourself to 16 clubs will do. Whatever the cause, after I dug my feet in expertly, wagged with poise, and drew the club back powerfully, I flailed downward with every ounce of strength and got off a miserable shot—one of the worst I ever made. The heel of the club hit the far side of the ball, and it flew like a shot into my left trouser cuff.

"Where'd it go?" she asked like a damn fool.

"It went in my trouser cuff," I said with great calm, trying to act as though it were not an unusual shot

continued



—that, in fact, it might be useful under certain conditions. Stoucally I ignored the ache in my shin.

"Oh," she said. "Are you going to play another?"

"No," I said thoughtfully. "I'll play 'er where she lies."

I limped over to where my bag lay, a little like Chester in *Genesee*, and got out a two-iron. I thought of using a three, but a two has more authority. Placing my weight on the

left foot but otherwise following the principles of the recommended golf swing, I brought the club around crisply, caught the cuff where the ball was lodged, and blooped a shot 50 yards straight down the fairway.

As we walked to the ball, I told her in a companionable way the things she was doing wrong. She was an attentive listener. Then I extracted my brassie and aimed for the pin.

I whacked out a really impressive slice, one that traveled about 80 yards straight and then curved about 40 yards to the right, landing in the forward part of the trap.

"What rotten luck!" she said.

I gave her an amused smile to indicate I was just clowning around—perhaps like Baer against Carnera—and impishly trying to find alternate routes to the green. It is quite a lot to put into a smile, and I don't know how much of it was communicated. At that, I was only shooting 4, and if I sank the explosion shot from the trap I'd get a double bogey.

Standing in the sand, I measured its consistency carefully by running it through my fingertips and tossing it up and letting the breeze carry it off. It was coarse, as it has been for the past 12 years.

The ball was half buried in the sand. Marge stood on the lip, watching. "What we call a fried-egg lie," I told her cheerily, working my feet deep into the sand. This time the ball flew up over the top of the trap in a beautiful arc, spun wildly and, before I could do anything about it, churned its way back and fell into the trap again, landing in almost the spot it had been before.

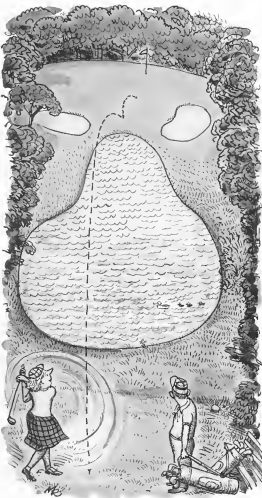
As you may surmise, I was not too pleased at this turn of events. I acted in the only way a champion could be expected to act. I bent my blaster into a sharp V and hurled it into the branches of a nearby tree. Then I took the two-iron that had served me so well earlier, and before long had the ball on the fairway.

Marge now strode over to her own ball and with an intense expression lofted an iron that stopped dead four feet from the pin.

There were a couple of things wrong with the way she hit the shot, but I only gave her one tip. "Try standing farther away from the ball," I told her.

"Thanks a lot," she said solemnly.

Two more shots—the last a beauty



—and I had the ball on the green, shooting a 9. Marge sank her putt for a par, and I congratulated her.

"I'm not holding you up, am I?" she asked.

"Not a bit," I told her.

The second hole is one of the toughest on the course. It's another par 3, a straightaway 135-yarder. That sounds easy, but you have to fire the ball over a huge lake.

The lake is shaped like an electric light bulb, with the socket facing the green. At its widest it is about 60 yards and, counting the socket, it's about 75 yards long. To get over it you have to hit a ball 120 yards on the fly and extremely straight.

There are traps on both sides of the green and woods directly behind it. There are woods, in fact, all around the lake except for a strip of shallow rough in the middle of the right side.

Since the wind was gusty and mainly blowing toward us, I advised her to use a five-wood. It turned out she didn't have one, and mine was too heavy—it is too heavy for most men—so she used a six-iron.

"Don't think of the lake as some kind of monster that's going to devour your ball," I encouraged her. "Try to forget it's there." I warned her about the woods behind the green, which are a pretty nasty section of real estate. Keeping these tips in mind, she addressed the ball with grín solemnity.

The dictionary defines "hurl" as "to cast with violence." Like a lot of dictionary definitions, it is not entirely correct. When I say, "She hurled herself into the shot," I mean to imply something more than, "She cast herself violently" into it. There was more lifting, twisting and flinging around of the shoulders involved—to say nothing of a follow-through which found the club practically vertical behind her back, leaving her completely off balance if she had to make a quick move to the left or right.

In any event, despite her convulsive roundhouse swing, there was a crack like a rifle shot, and the ball soared high, barely cleared the lake and crawled up on the green.

"You'd have got closer to the pin if you'd put more right wrist into it," I told her. The ball had landed in the center, while the flag was somewhat to the right.

If I was overconfident before, I was
continued

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ULTIMATE HAZARD *continued*

not overconfident now. Hunger was beginning to take its toll. My bag seemed to weigh a ton, though I had cut down on clubs. I felt like those infantrymen on long hot marches who chuck away blankets and gas masks to relieve themselves of useless weight when fatigue bedclouds their judgment. I had an impulse to drop off my telescopic range finder, putting compass and weighted club mittens for practice swings. Something prevented me from doing it, however, perhaps the instinct that keeps a fighter going long after his breath is coming hard and his arms feel as heavy as lead.

Anyway, there I was, faced with a very difficult decision. It is always a problem on this hole whether to use an old ball first or go for broke with a new one. Having the spirit of a gambler, sometimes I do one, sometimes the other. A system that works well for me—in the manner of Phoenicians sacrificing a passenger on sea voyages to appease the sea god—is to nonchalantly plunk a beat-up one into the water and then use the resilient ball to carry the lake. With the wind blowing into one's face, however, several sacrifices might be called for.

I decided to plunk an old ball into the lake, so I fetched one out and placed the tee high, in the manner of Jones. Then I took out the five-wood. "I'm not particular what happens to this one," I told her. "It's practically a guttie."

I took a deep breath, hoisted the club back, tensed my arms and spun, giving the ball a tremendous blow. It rose sharply, scratched and fought its way into the wind, then tired and curved right in a sweeping arc, landing on the tiny strip of ground on the right side of the lake. If I had aimed for that point, I couldn't have hit it once in five tries; but now, thanks to a well-played shot and a certain amount of luck, I had only an 80-yard shot to the green—one I could make standing on my head.

We tramped through various kinds of greenery and briars to the spot where the ball had found refuge. My partner wasn't especially chatty, as I recall, but I gave her several tips on iron play, as well as a few warnings about certain fast sloping greens and deep traps we were coming to.

continued

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ULTIMATE HAZARD

I put down my new ball at this point, estimated the distance to the pin carefully and hooked into the lake. This was rather upsetting, and I lost my four-iron.

"I see why you carry so many clubs," said Marge.

The next ball I purposely aliced so there would be no nonsense about its diving into the water. It went far into the woods behind the green. This is like a tropical jungle, and I left Marge on the green while I went trekking into the bush after it. It took me 15 minutes to find the ball and three shots or so to get it on the green. Finally I appeared, however, scratched, winded and perspiring.

Marge lucked in her eight-footer for a birdie, and I took 4 putts, partly because of my concern over her putting form and partly because of simple exhaustion. I got a 10 for the hole, but was good sport enough to congratulate her.

"Keep this up and you'll break the course record," I told her.

"So will you," she said.

I won't go into the other 16 holes. But all in all it was a miserable afternoon. I don't know whether she finished with the best score or I did; in a playing lesson you're not so concerned with score. I know, though, that by concentrating on her game rather than my own and purposely holding back on some of my best shots, I played inferior golf, despite some superb recoveries.

As to the question of who would have won in match play had we both been playing for blood, it is one that will probably never be settled—like who was the better tennis player, Pancho Gonzales or Suzanne Lenglen; the better fighter, Stanley Ketchel or Roland LaStarza.

END

NEXT WEEK

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THE FANCIEST GAME IN TOWN

Since they no longer have the only game, the older pros of the National Football League are planning to add speed, striking power and surprises to meet the challenge of the AFL

by **TEX MAULE**

NOT long ago grizzled, gray and wise Clark Shaughnessy, the man who souped up football's Model T back in the early '40s, was doodling with checks and circles on a yellow paper pad. The old man now is a vice-president of the Chicago Bears in charge of defense; the doodles, however, pertained to his first love—attack.

"The defense has almost caught up," he said, his gnarled fingers drawing quick, precise checks and circles. "The slotback has been taken care of, the big four-man lines plug up running. The next move is up to the attackers. I think you'll see short passes out to the flank, with quick laterals. That should open the way a little."

As the Scouting Reports on page 58 indicate, this probably will be a year of dramatic change for the National Football League in terms of strategic and tactical warfare. Although the new American Football League is far behind the National League in the number of good players it has, the new clubs can match the NFL in excitement and might even produce a more wide-open game—possibly with more scoring. This is not because they have better runners, passers or receivers; it is because it is almost impossible to develop a cohesive, intelligent and dependable defense using 11 players who met as strangers on the opening day of training camp.

The NFL defenses have been welded over the years and they are good. A unit like the one which protects the Baltimore Colt goal line is very nearly impenetrable on a good day. If this should hold true throughout the NFL, as it

probably would if the offenses were static, then NFL football would degenerate into the low-scoring, three-yards-and-a-cloud-of-boredom football which almost killed the college game.

Fortunately for everybody, there are people in the NFL who abhor the idea of low-scoring games. Brilliant young tacticians like the New York Giants' Alie Sherman, Red Hickey of the San Francisco 49ers, Tom Landry of the new Dallas Cowboys and Vince Lombardi of the Green Bay Packers have worked on refinements and changes which should make this one of the most exciting years in the long history of NFL.

Here are a few things to look for: the quick, short pass out wide with an almost immediate lateral, described by Shaughnessy; more liberal use of a Sherman tactic using a man in motion toward the middle of the line of scrimmage; and variations in backfield formations designed to provide running room up the middle for shifty backs like Cleveland's Jim Brown (page 53). The Sherman man-in-motion presents a terrible problem for the corner linebacker, who will have to watch for blocks thrown from his blind side.

The new attacks will pose interesting problems for the defenses in 1960 and—to the delight of everyone who likes scoring football—some of them will not be solved for a couple of years.

IMMOVABLE DEFENSE is symbolized by Colts' massive Big Daddy Lipscomb, here tussling with Lion Guard Harley Sewell while waiting to see where play is going.





FIGHTING FOR YARDS. Cleveland Browns Quarterback Milt Plum (above) poses over chasing Jim Katcavage of the New York Giants; below, Chicago Bears' Ed Brown wrenches a last step out of grip of mammoth Lou Michaels of Los Angeles Rams.



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Boys on the bench, at left, wear fleece cardigan, full-length zipper front, contrasting striped Byron collar, cuffs and rib tail; (behind referee) double hooded fleece shirt with muff pocket and drawstring hood. Both garments by NORWICH MILLS (\$2.99).

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HOW I PLAY FULLBACK

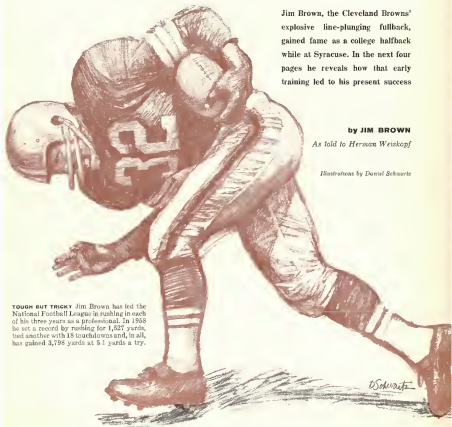
Jim Brown, the Cleveland Browns' explosive line-plunging fullback, gained fame as a college halfback while at Syracuse. In the next four pages he reveals how that early training led to his present success

by JIM BROWN

As told to Herman Weiskopf

Illustrations by Daniel Schwartz

TOUGH BUT TRICKY Jim Brown has led the National Football League in rushing in each of his three years as a professional. In 1968 he set a record by rushing for 1,527 yards, tied another with 18 touchdowns and, in all, has gained 3,798 yards at 5.1 yards a try.





Little things that mean a lot

At the beginning of a play, I literally use a three-point stance (*above left*). My right toe is on a line a bit behind the left heel. My head is up, I am balanced lightly by my right fingertips and I am in a position, coming out of the crouch, to look for my opening and blockers. For the hand-off (*above right*) my hands are held palms up. As soon as I get the ball I tuck it away (*below left*); to make it secure, I cup a hand over one end of the ball and

put the other end in the crook of my elbow. I still have one arm free to fight off tacklers, and this is one of my most important weapons. I realize this does not jibe with the classic notion of the fullback (*below right*) as a power man who wraps both arms around the ball, puts his head down and runs straight ahead. This is not wrong, but I like to think and run like a halfback, and I still prefer speed and shiftiness to straight-ahead power.





Combat arm

When a tackler closes in I counteract his force with two blows: one with my shoulder, the other with my free arm. I do not ram him with my head, but I do tuck my body lower to gather my strength. First I knock him off balance with my corresponding shoulder (right against right, left against left). Then I deliver a full, powerful blow with my forearm, aiming it for his chest or midsection.



IF I AM HIT LOW (right) I dip down to get a better blow with my forearm. This forces the tackler back and gives him less of a shot at my legs. I pivot at the same time and hope to get free.



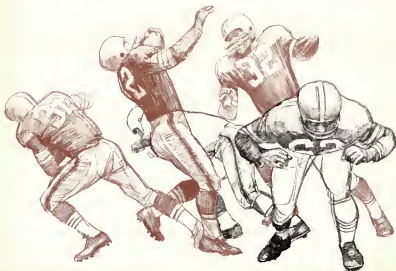
IF I AM HIT HIGH (left) I strike with my shoulder (at an angle, so I can glance off) and swiftly bring my forearm up at the tackler with a pendulumlike swing.

CONTINUED

IF I AM CAUGHT by an ankle, I remember that every inch counts and try twice to break away. But it is easy to get hurt in this situation, so I do not pull too hard. If I know I am caught, I dive forward and settle for two valuable yards. When I am hit squarely, I shake and move every muscle I have. Sometimes I manage to get loose.



IF I AM STYMIED on a play such as this, where I have to get over the almost-joined legs of my linemen, I slide-step, hop over the legs, pivot as I land on my right foot (in this case) and swiftly bring the left leg over. For an instant my back is turned, but I am sliding and spinning much too quickly to be a good target for a tackler.





Every trick helps

A fumble in the backfield can be disastrous. I have found that by scooping the ball with one hand (top)—ideally with the hand opposite the foot closer to the ball—I can keep running and turn a potential loss into a gain. I take pitchouts on the run (center), and this head start enables me to pivot or cut more quickly. Once I have the ball, I love to run, but sometimes—as below, when the tacklers submarine under our linemen—I dive over the line. Generally, I do this only on short-yardage plays. I would not advise diving at other times. I do not run as low as most fullbacks. When there is an opening I run almost straight up. When there is a small hole I run lower, leading with my shoulder but keeping my eyes up. If the running room is tight I hit and spin. Jumps and spins are part of my “halfback attitude.” To get a better shot at a tackler I sometimes shift the ball from one hand to the other. I never do this in close quarters, for it is too easy to fumble and a back’s real function is to get through or around the line with the ball.



NFL SCOUTING REPORTS

EASTERN CONFERENCE

CLEVELAND BROWNS

COACH: PAUL BROWN

1958 RECORD: W 7, L 5, TIED FOR 3RD

1958 EXHIBITIONS: W 4, L 1

PASSING OFFENSE Milt Plum, Paul Brown's latest choice to succeed Otto Graham, showed signs of skill in 1958, but a combination of crippling injuries to his receivers and protectors in the line cut down his effectiveness toward the end of the year. Plum has capable receivers in Ray Renfro, Gern Nagler and Leon Clarkebut, and he will probably look to Bobby Mitchell for the deep all-out passes.

RUSHING OFFENSE Jim Brown by himself is enough to make any ground attack go. Combine his tremendous straight-ahead power with the blistering outside speed of Mitchell and the imaginative bursts of Plum, and you have a very strong running game. The Brown line, which ordinarily does a fine job of prying cracks in the opponents' defense, would be awfully unlucky to have as many injuries this year as it had last.

PASS DEFENSE Brown is faced with replacing two very good, very intelligent deep defenders in Warren Lahr and Ken Koss, both retired, but he has Jim Shofner and excellent prospects in rookies Dan Fleming and Dick Mostardo. His line-backers are strong and accustomed to playing as a unit, and his defensive line can put pressure on a passer.

RUSHING DEFENSE Galen Fiss, Vince Costello and Walt Michaels are rugged linebackers. The front line has been revamped, and possibly Jim Marshall and Jim Houston, first-year men, will take over at end, making way for Bob Gain to return to tackle.

OVER-ALL: Again, the fate of the Browns depends to a large extent on how well Milt Plum does at quarterback. Plum occasionally looks like a wonderful player; when his protection breaks down, he frequently looks a good deal less than wonderful. Cleveland's attack, on the ground, is superb, principally because of Jim Brown. The team may be vulnerable to a sharp passing attack and the East, it should be noted, is full of sharp passers. If Paul Brown can patch up his secondary, the Browns will be among the leaders again.



PAUL BROWN



MILT PLUM



JIM BROWN



JIM HOUSTON



JIM SHOFNER



BOB GAIN

NEW YORK GIANTS

COACH: JIM LEE HOWELL

1958 RECORD: W 10, L 3, 1ST IN EAST

1958 EXHIBITIONS: W 0, L 3, T 1

PASSING OFFENSE The Giants own the most underrated short-and-medium-passing attacks in pro football. Bob Schmeidler has become an exceptionally good receiver; Kyle Rote and Frank Gifford always have been, although none of these is good at going deep for smart Charlie Conerly's very accurate passes. Lee Grosscup, No. 3 quarterback when practice began, has moved up ahead of George Shaw and may become Conerly's replacement.

RUSHING OFFENSE Alex Webster and Mel Triplett are nearing 30 and have begun to show the effect of multiple injuries. They still hit hard but will be rested more with the excellent replacements Phil King and Joe Morrison taking up the heavy chores. Gifford, of course, is the National League's complete back. He is an effective runner capable of slashing deep into the secondary, a canny receiver, a fearless blocker and a dangerous option passer—and there was no suspicion in 1958 that he had begun to lose his verve for the pro game.

PASS DEFENSE A secondary led by the league's best safety—Jim Patton—and experienced players who are still in their physical prime make this the best pass defense in football.

RUSHING DEFENSE Ends Andy Robustelli and Jim Katevage, Tackles Dick Modzelewski and Ramey Grier comprise one of the biggest, smartest defensive lines around. Sam Huff is back at the important middle-backer spot, flanked by Harland Sware and Cliff Livingston, both deadly tacklers.

OVER-ALL: There have been almost no changes in the Giants lineup, and for good reason. This club is a mature, strong and intelligent one; age has not yet begun to wither it. The loss of Defensive Coach Tom Laney might have been serious had not one of his best pupils—Sware, who will coach as well as play—been ready to take over. Tom Scott spells Sware as a corner backer. The Giants may win their third straight division title, but they are an older team and they are going to be pushed hard by the Steelers, the Browns and the Eagles.



JIM LEE HOWELL



CHARLIE CONERLY



FRANK GIFFORD



ALEX WEBSTER



RAMSEY GRIER



SAM HUFF

PHILADELPHIA EAGLES

COACH: RUCK SHAW

1958 RECORD: W 7, L 6, TIED FOR 2ND
1959 EXHIBITIONS: W 3, L 1

PASSING OFFENSE Norman Van Brocklin has been one of the finest marksmen in professional football since 1950. He has one spectacular end to throw to, Pete Retzlaff, and a good, elusive slot back in little Tommy McDonald. The Dutchman can throw under pressure but he may not have to often this year. The 1959 team represented a major overhaul and new blocking assignments are second nature.

RUSHING OFFENSE The Eagles needed a solid, consistent halfback for two last year to give their ground game continuity. They believe they may have one in 216-pound rookie Ted Dean who is fast enough to turn the ends and big enough to test the line. Fullback Clarence Peaks has already shown enough to encourage Shaw. Bill Barnes is a deceptively powerful halfback and a good receiver, and the Eagle blocking is at least adequate.

PASS DEFENSE Shaw will attempt to plug two holes in the deep secondary with rookies Bob Jackson and Jim Nieman or second-year-man Gene Johnson. He also believes he has found a replacement for Linebacker Tom Catlin (who retired to coach) in Maxie Baughman, the All-America from Georgia Tech. This won't be the tightest defense in the East, but no team will beat the Eagles on air strength alone.

RUSHING DEFENSE Last season 18 new men were incorporated into the team, half of them on defense. The Eagle line is young, it is active and it is big and could get added help from this year's good collection of freshmen.



RUCK SHAW



NORMAN VAN BROCKLIN



BILL BARNES



PETE RETZLAFF



TOMMY RUGGNAB



MAXIE BAUGHMAN

OVER-ALL The Eagles came from last place in 1958 to a tie for second in 1959 and may still be on the move up. Shaw has built his club carefully to take advantage of the talented Van Brocklin's arm. With Retzlaff, McDonald and Barnes to throw to, Van Brocklin can score on any defense in the league. Shaw's aerial offense should be better than ever with improved running, and if the Eagle defense can patch the few leaks, Philadelphia will be battling the Cleveland Browns, the New York Giants and the Pittsburgh Steelers in the East.

PITTSBURGH STEELERS

COACH: RUDDY PARKER

1958 RECORD: W 5, L 5, T 1, FINISHED 4TH
1959 EXHIBITIONS: W 1, L 3

PASSING OFFENSE Bobby Layne is no picture passer; frequently the ball wobbles like a poorly launched satellite in flight, but it is always on target. In Jimmy Orr, Buddy Dial, Darrell Brewster and Preston Carpenter, acquired from the Browns, he has a corps of versatile receivers, and chunky Tom Tracy is a wonderful safety-valve target. The protection for elderly Bobby is very good.

RUSHING OFFENSE Fullback has been the one real question in the Steeler backfield but John Henry Johnson and a rookie, Chuck Scales, who was discovered in the Pittsburgh sand lot league which produced John Unitas, provide two neat answers. They will enable Tom Tracy to return to halfback, where he is a dangerous outside runner and receiver and one of the game's best paving halfbacks.

PASS DEFENSE Parker may have corrected his only defensive weakness by trading for the Browns' Junior Wren and the Jets' Dick Moege. They join Dean Derby, a very effective defender, and Tom Barnett.

RUSHING DEFENSE The hard-bitten Steeler line was nearly impenetrable last year, should be about the same in 1960, although, like the Giants' and Colts', it is aging. Parker's defenses are imaginative and simple enough so that their execution is usually flawless. He has good linebackers in John Reyer, Dick Campbell and Mike Heary but the three of them may be forced to come to the aid and comfort of the old line once too often.



RUDDY PARKER



BOBBY LAYNE



TOM TRACY



DEAN DERBY



BUDDY DIAL



JIM ORR

OVER-ALL For the first time since he came to Pittsburgh, Parker has all the parts he needs, including a strong running game, a superb passing offense and a good defensive secondary. Since incidence of injury as often as not decides championships in this evenly balanced league, a strong bench is a sure gun too for a contender. Parker, having picked up Tackle Dan James and gotten Jack McLaughlin back from the injured list, has part of one. If he can dredge up added defensive relief, then the Steelers might improve on 1959.

CONTINUED

EASTERN CONFERENCE

ST. LOUIS
CARDINALS

COACH: FRANK IVY

1959 RECORD: W 3, L 10, FINISHED 5TH

1960 EXPERIENCES: W 9, L 5

PASSING OFFENSE Lack of a truly good passer and backs who can hang on to the ball (the Cards fumbled 42 times last year) inhibits Ivy's double wing T. King Hill has yet to prove himself; if rookie George Izo, the big Notre Dame quarterback, catches on, the Cards may come to life in their new habitat. The pass catchers—Sonny Randle, Perry Richards, John David Crow—are excellent.

RUSHING OFFENSE The double wing T stations halfbacks on each flank, leaving only the fullback behind the quarterback in position to take a quick hand-off into the line. This hampers Crow and Bobby Joe Conrad, who are magnificent runners from their posts just outside the ends but who have little chance to prove it.

PASS DEFENSE The battle-wise and exceptionally fast secondary was broken up when Dick (Night Train) Lane was traded, but his replacement, Billy Stacy, a safety man in 1959, may be almost as good. The linebackers are capable and strong; the line, however, puts little pressure on opposing passers and no secondary can cope with an air offense which has nearly unlimited time to aim and fire.

RUSHING DEFENSE The weakness here is in the front line of defense. Ivy can rely on Tackle Frank Fuller but must depend on rookies or on late waivers to replace aging regulars and it takes more than one season to find the right men. Ivy could use more backstopping power; the backs tackle hard but, sadly, entirely too often.

OVER-ALL: The Cardinals, after 40 years in Chicago, have moved to St. Louis, where they know they are wanted. Love and affection and the undivided attention of their new followers may help quite a bit, but some large, tough and determined linemen would help even more. The Cardinal runners are fine, so are their receivers. But they need a quarterback and an offense which gives the running backs a clearer shot at the play holes in a pro defensive line. The first year in St. Louis should be pleasanter than the last in Chicago.



FRANK IVY



KING HILL



JOHN DAVID CROW



BOBBY JOE CONRAD



BILLY STACY



FRANK FULLER

WASHINGTON
REDSKINS

COACH: MIKE NIXON

1959 RECORD: W 3, L 5, FINISHED 5TH

1960 EXPERIENCES: W 6, L 8

PASSING OFFENSE The Redskins have not had a consistently good passer since Sammy Baugh, and this year will be no exception. Eagle Day and Ralph Guglielmi have had flashes of brilliance, but Guglielmi has severely injured his knee and M. C. Reynolds, recently acquired in a trade, will probably start at quarterback. The ends are good, the pass protection adequate but the key to a passing attack is the man who throws the ball.

RUSHING OFFENSE The Redskins ball carriers are fast and powerful, but the loss of Eddie LeBaron, who was a magnificent technician at quarterback, may cost the 'Skins something in deception. Nixon's ground attack should be very good; fast Fullbacks Don Bonser and Johnny Ottensmire hit with good impact, and Halfbacks Ed Vorek, Ed Sutton and Dick James may be the best triple set in the East.

PASS DEFENSE The Washington secondary was so porous as a sprinkler head in 1959 but it has been reseeded with Dick Haley and Gary Glick at safeties and rookies Billy Brewer and Pat Heenan at the halves. Dick Lasee and Bill Roehmelt could shore up the short-pass defense.

RUSHING DEFENSE The defensive line is only fair; Bob Tonoff is a strong tackle, but he and Ray Krause will be playing beddie bunnies, and rookies—no matter how good—need help. The defensive ends, with first-year-man Andy Stynchula, look very good, but Nixon's 1959 bugaboo—lack of linebackers—is still with him.

OVER-ALL: A wholesale replacement program, carried out through trades and a determined campaign which saw the Redskins sign almost all of their top draft choices despite the strong competition from the American Conference, will give the Redskins a different look. In 1959 Washington could not put a halt to the competition by land or by air. It will do better this year, mostly because of its fine new players, but a sneaky passing attack and a case of first-yearitis add up to another drab and losing season in Washington.



MIKE NIXON



EAGLE DAY



DON BONSER



JOHNNY OTTENSIRE



DICK JAMES



GARY GLICK

WESTERN CONFERENCE

BALTIMORE COLTS

COACH: WEER EWBANK
1955 RECORD: W 9, L 3, NFL CHAMPION
1960 EXHIBITIONS: W 2, L 2

PASSING OFFENSE The best passer throwing to three of the best receivers behind the most adamant pass protectors adds up to the finest passing attack in the National Football League. John Unitas is easily the most valuable quarterback in football; Raymond Berry and Lenny Moore are incomparable receivers, and Jim Mutscheller is only a short step behind them. And there are new receivers coming up who are also exceptional.

RUSHING OFFENSE Ewbank could use a strong, tough halfback on the order of the Giants' Alex Webster, both for blocking help in the backfield and to relieve Fullback Alan Ameche of some of the ball-carrying load. Lenny Moore is an unequalled slot back; Ameche is a sound, strong and dependable fullback. But the Colts need a top-flight replacement for L. G. Dupre.

PASS DEFENSE The quickest, ball-hawking linebackers in the league spearhead the very fine Colt pass defense, and the deep men are opportunists who run like mad when they intercept. The one question here is whether the linebackers will retain their mobility in the face of the growing age of the men up front. They may have to tend more closely to trench warfare this year, and this would cut down on pass interceptions.

RUSHING DEFENSE The impregnable Colt line is back—but is it intact? Someday age will have to show somewhere. If it doesn't this year, the line will continue to rank with the Giants' and will stop the enemy cold.

OVER-ALL: This is still a magnificently balanced team with no real weaknesses. The defensive linemen average 32 years in age, and have a total of 34 years of professional experience behind them. But Gino Marchetti, Big Daddy Lipscomb, Art Donovan and Don Joyce showed no sign of slowing down in 1959 and there are some good younger replacements on hand. The bewildering, powerful Colt offense has not deteriorated and Unitas seems likely to last for at least another decade. The Colts should win the title again.



WEER EWANK



JOHN UNITAS



ALAN AMECHE



DON JOYCE



BIG DADDY LIPSCOMB



GINO MARCHETTI

CHICAGO BEARS

COACH: GEORGE HALAS
1955 RECORD: W 9, L 4, FINISHED 3RD
1960 EXHIBITIONS: W 2, L 2

PASSING OFFENSE As long as Ed Brown stays on target, the Bear passing attack is magnificent. Brown, however, has been erratic in the last few years. Zeke Bratkowski, his replacement, suffers from the same trouble, and when both of them are having an off day, the Bear air game disappears. The receivers—Harlon Hill and Jim Dooley—are both fast, deceptive and sure-handed. The protection for the passers is more than adequate.

RUSHING OFFENSE A good breakaway back in Willie Galimore and one of the three best fullbacks in the league in Rick Casares give the Bears a long- and short-range ground attack. When they have good passing, the Bears can move the ball as well as any team and much better than most.

PASS DEFENSE Ingenious Clark Shaughnessy masterminds the Bear defense and he has bewildered some of the best offensive minds in football. His defenses are varied and sometimes complicated but they are well executed by the veteran Bear defense. Occasionally a forgotten assignment seems a long gale, but with ball-hawking Illini J. C. Caroline at safety this still is one of the best pass defenses in all the Western Conference.

RUSHING DEFENSE Bill George and Joe Fortunato give the Bears exceptional linebacking and the Bears in the line are grizzlies. Doug Atkins, the 6-foot-8 defensive end, is almost impossible to keep out of a play and he will be paired during this season with 6-foot-6 rookie Murrey Youngman.

OVER-ALL: Ed Brown does not have to be good every week. He can afford three, maybe even four, off days and the Bears, close behind the Colts in 1958, could win their first division championship in four years. The attack is sometimes spectacular, the defense is sound, and the potential definitely is there. Bratkowski, big and strong, with a good arm, may be ready to offer more help this year than in the past when he had trouble finding secondary receivers. This, sadly, is a knack that comes only with several years' experience.

CONTINUED



GEORGE HALAS



ED BROWN



RICK CASARES



WILLIE GALIMORE



BILL GEORGE



J. C. CAROLINE

WESTERN CONFERENCE

DALLAS COWBOYS

COACH: TOM LANDRY
1958 RECORD: NEW ORLEANS
1959 EXHIBITIONS: W 5, L 5

PASSING OFFENSE With a promising rookie in Don Meredith, and two good veterans (Don Heinrich and Eddie LeBaron) to instruct him, the Cowboys will be strong at quarterback. Landry has not been able to lay his hands on any first-class pass catchers except for Bill Howton, but he has sound veterans who offer adequate targets. The blocking? With Guard Duane Putnam around, it could be good.

RUSHING OFFENSE Don McIlhenny, acquired from the Packers, is the only true breakaway threat, although L. G. Dufre provides fair backing. The rest of the Cowboy backs are hard, tough runners and good blockers. The fullbacks, however, are hardly more than journeymen; the Cowboy attack, unless an unknown should come along to change the situation, will depend more on passing than on the rushing.

PASS DEFENSE Landry is a master of intelligent, daring defense. In selecting the players made available to the new franchise by the other clubs in the league, he chose first for defensive ability and he came up with some of the better backs and linemen in the league. Most of them are nearing 30, but none is overage. The Cowboy pass defense will not be the NFL's worst.

RUSHING DEFENSE Landry has no Huff to stop up the holes, as he had on the Giants, but he does have a capable performer in Jerry Tubbs, drafted this year from San Francisco. The defenders have been around long enough to know what to do, and they seem young enough to want to do it.

OVER-ALL: Building a football team out of players acquired from 12 different clubs presents considerable difficulties. For instance, most clubs starting a new season are already familiar with the coach's offense, his style of defense and the terms he uses to describe both. It probably will take a while for the Cowboys, however, to discard old habits and to drop old words and to learn new ones. But with their air attack, their good short-gaining ground game and their good defense, it will be a great surprise if the Cowboys finish last.



TOM LANDRY



EDDIE LEBARON



DON MEREDITH



L. G. DUFRE



JERRY TUBBS



DUANE PUTNAM

DETROIT LIONS

COACH: GEORGE WILSON
1958 RECORD: W 3, L 4, T 1. FINISHED 8TH
1959 EXHIBITIONS: W 2, L 2, T 1

PASSING OFFENSE Unless Earl Morrall or Jim Ninowski becomes a topflight quarterback, the Lion passing offense will be as ineffectual as it was in 1958. Morrall looked better last year but in the off season Detroit traded for Ninowski, who has seen more action in exhibition games than Morrall. Both still have a good deal of room for improvement. Gail Cogdall helps the receiving, and with rookie Bob Schultz at center and Darris McCord shifted to offensive tackle the passers should feel more secure.

RUSHING OFFENSE The Lion ground attack is solid, built around Fullback Nick Pietrosante and Halfback Hopalong Cassidy. But Schultz must come through at center; he has no acceptable veteran behind him and his blocking has to be strong if the Detroit Lions' running game is to move.

PASS DEFENSE Pass defense, thanks largely to Yale Lary, has been a strong point on most Lion teams of recent years, and it should be again with the recently acquired Night Train Lane taking over for the retired Jim David. Wilson has five experienced deep defenders, four capable linebackers and seven good front-line defenders. They may have some long afternoons if the offense does not jell.

RUSHING DEFENSE No problems here. Joe Schmidt is one of the two or three best linebackers in the pro leagues and he has competent help. The Detroit line is deep in good, big veterans, the secondary backs come up fast and they tackle extremely well.

OVER-ALL: This is a Detroit team on the way back but it still has a far way to go. The rookie crop is a good one; from it must come help for the offensive line, and from it, or outside, must come another adequate quarterback. Earl Morrall, in his fifth season as a pro quarterback, could take the small step forward which separates the journeyman from the master. So could Ninowski, who spent two quiet pro years as understudy to Milt Plum of the Browns. But all in all there are many, too many ifs with this hard-hitting team.



GEORGE WILSON



JIM NINOWSKI



NICK PIETROSANTE



HOPALONG CASSIDY



YALE LARY



JOE SCHMIDT

GREEN BAY PACKERS

COACH: VINCE LOMBARDI
1959 RECORD: W 7, L 5, TIED FOR 2ND
1958 EXHIBITIONS: W 5, L 0

PASSING OFFENSE Bart Starr guided the Packers to four straight wins at the end of last season and appears finally to have come of age. If he falters, Lamar McHan, who did well last season until injured, could have another hot streak. Either way the Packers have a mature passing game. Center Jim Ringo makes the passers secure. Receivers (Boyd Dowler, Max McGee and Lew Carpenter) are rangy and adept at getting open.

RUSHING OFFENSE The versatile Paul Hornung is nearly a carbon copy of the Giants' Frank Gifford. Jim Taylor, in addition, is a hard-running, fast-improving fullback. Rookie Tom Moore will add depth to the backfield, but the Packers need a good breakaway back if they are to field a sound, steady running offense.

PASS DEFENSE Ancient Ernie Tunnell, a veteran of 12 years in pro football, is the stabilizer and the on-field brain of the Packer pass defense. Under his guiding hand, the young Packer secondary developed well last year, should be even better this year with Willie Wood taking firm hold of the right safety position. Lombardi has a very quick trio of linebackers to defend against the short pass.

RUSHING DEFENSE A patchwork line assembled from trades, rookies and castoffs worked very well for Lombardi in 1959. With a year's experience behind them and with more good rookies on hand, the front line of the Packer defense should be improved. The linebackers need no improvement.

OVER-ALL: Lombardi was the best coach in the NFL last season. Under his driving leadership, the confused, dispirited Packers were welded into a cohesive whole. Because he did not have enough good runners, he lacked a strong ground attack. Even so, the Packers ended 1959 on a winning note. With two good passers who have gained greater confidence during the last two years, and with measurably greater backfield depth, Lombardi's team should be able to stand the erosion of a full season and even improve on its standing.



VINCE LOMBARDI



BART STARR



JIM TAYLOR



PAUL HORNUNG



BOYD DOWLER



JIM RINGO

LOS ANGELES RAMS

COACH: BOB WATERFIELD
1959 RECORD: W 2, L 10, FINISHED 8TH
1958 EXHIBITIONS: W 4, L 1

PASSING OFFENSE With three very accurate passers—Bud Humphrey has been continuously good during exhibition games and now challenges Bill Wade and Frank Ryan—and with three receivers the equal of any trio in football, the Ram passing offense should be nearly impossible to contain. Mass changes have been made in the line to improve the weak blocking: John Gaziak and Al Barry take over at guard, Art Hunter is at center and Lou Michaels has been shifted from defensive end to offensive tackle. The very air-minded Bob Waterfield is head coach of the Rams now. Elroy Hirsch is the new general manager. Look for aerial acrobatics.

RUSHING OFFENSE Here again the Ram talent is impressive. The addition of fast Dick Bass to a backfield which already boasts Otis Matson and Jon Arnett richly glides the fily.

PASS DEFENSE Mistakes by rookies and hampering injuries to Wilf Sherman and Don Burroughs left the Ram pass defense riddled in 1959. The rookies are a year older, Sherman and Burroughs are healthy and the Rams have two quality first-year men in Don Ellerick and Charlie Britt.

RUSHING DEFENSE This was no big worry in 1959, should not be in 1960. The Rams' worst problem on defense was the regular completion by their opponents of the long pass on third down. The Ram defensive tackles are massive and young, the ends massive and mobile and the linebackers, led by Les Richter, are very quick.

OVER-ALL: The Rams, somehow, managed to place second in the league in total offense last year and ninth in scoring. They achieved this dubious distinction principally by fumbling (34 times in all); injuries to key personnel slowed them for a while, too. With a new, young coaching staff and a new spirit, the club should improve mightily, particularly the defense, which ex-Ram Don Paul and ex-Detroit Lion Jim David will handle. The Bears and the Colts are still stronger, but the Rams, with a little luck, could finish as high as third.



BOB WATERFIELD



BILL WADE



JON ARNETT



OTIS MATSON



JOHN GAZIAK



LES RICHTER

CONTINUED

WEBCOR IS BUILT



smaller than your wallet

(and it takes so little out)

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SCOUTING REPORTS *continued*

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1966 RECORD: W 7, L 5, AND
1966 EXHIBITIONS: W 3, L 2



HOWARD HICKEY

PASSING OFFENSE: John Brodie, now starting his fourth season, may prove the pro postulate—it takes three years to prepare a real pro quarterback. End Billy Wilson will make him look good.



JOHN BRODIE

RUSHING OFFENSE: Joe Perry steps aside after 10 years to let J. D. Smith move in. Hugh McElhenny returns to running, and Red Hickey may have relief for both in C. R. Roberts, a 210-pound discovery. Line blocking should be better.



J. D. SMITH

PASS DEFENSE: The young, fast secondary may need all the speed



HUGH McELHENNY

AN OVER-ALL ESTIMATE

It is an unpleasant fact of life in the National Football League that victory is not so often for the swift as for the healthy. For example, suppose the Baltimore Colts' John Unitas broke a leg? The Colts, a good, solid choice to repeat as world champions, would have trouble finishing in the first three of the Western Conference. The Cleveland Browns, a sound, strong club in midseason last year, collapsed down the stretch because of injuries. The same thing could happen to any team in the NFL this year, with so much depending on the good health of the participants.

Disregarding injuries, then, the Eastern Conference should be a free-for-all among the Browns, the New York Giants, the Pittsburgh Steelers and the Philadelphia Eagles. The Washington Redskins, principally because they do not employ Negro players, are a sensible choice for last. The Cardinals, settled in a new city, may climb to fourth—maybe higher.

CONFERENCE

and starting it can sum-
mon since the backs prob-
ably will get little help
from the linebackers, other
than Matt Hasselbine. The
loss of rookie Jerry Tubbs
to Dallas could be serious.



BILLY WILSON

RUSHING DEFENSE The dubious
linebacker
situation hurts more on the
ground than in the air, al-
though big men up front,
led by All-Pro Tackle Leo
Nomellini, are capable.



LEO NOMELLINI

OVER-ALL Hickey's team was an almost
unanimous choice for last place in 1959,
but the aggressive redhead convinced
his players that they were far better than
that. This year he may have to do a new
selling job, then work another small mir-
acle to improve on his 1959 standing.
An elderly backfield and a serious lack
of good deep receivers hamper his at-
tack. Therefore, if improvements are to
be made, they must come either from a
couple of veterans or—less likely—
from rookies who can hold the defense.

OF THE LEAGUE

The Colts dominate the West. It is
doubtful that Weeb Ewbank will in-
stall any radically new offensive man-
euvers; the Colt attack is the best in
football, and what advantage would
be gained by changing? The Bears are
younger than Baltimore and maybe a
little faster but not as versatile. The
Rams are faster but not so good on
defense. The 49ers are younger, faster
and better on pass defense but do not
attack as well over a broad front. The
Packers? Still improving, still a year
or two away despite the heroic efforts
of Vince Lombardi. The Lions are still
ambulatory patients.

That leaves the Dallas Cowboys, a
swing team playing in both confer-
ences but ranked in the West. Tom
Landry is one of the true football
geniuses, and he has assembled a sur-
prisingly strong team from the leav-
ings of the rest of the league. He will
win four games or more—and, under
the circumstances, that is good in the
National Football League. **END**

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THE H. A. SEINSHMEIER COMPANY, CINCINNATI 2, OHIO

High tide in Alabama

As the season opens, Alabama is bearishly strong and the Big Eight is ready for anyone

BEAR BRYANT, the Alabama football coach, is a disciplinarian, a perfectionist and a recruiter without peer. He is also a moaner. Indeed, he can moan so loudly that he has been called the pretender to the throne of pessimism. The king is Wally Butts, the Georgia coach, who once talked a sports editor into picking Furman over Georgia in a game that Georgia wound up winning 70-7. Southerners say that when it starts to rain, Butts and Bryant think of building arks.

Last week it was ark-building time. On Saturday the Bulldogs of Georgia, the 1959 Southeastern Conference champions, were to play the Crimson Tide of Alabama, the team that might have won last year's title if it hadn't lost to Georgia. Sobbed Butts: "We have the worst defense I have ever seen." He could spy only one dot of silver in the overcast: Georgia's superbasser, Francis Asbury Tarkenton, a preacher's son with a touch of devil in him on the field.

"We're like a baseball team with only one pitcher," Butts said. "Don't have the manpower. The Georgia team thinks it's going to win, but it believes it's a lot better than it is. And that includes Tarkenton." He leaned back, infinite sadness in his kind eyes, and put a hand on his stomach. "Hurts," he said.

At Tuscaloosa, Bear Bryant fretted and frowned, his 6-foot-4 frame jammed behind a desk. "We're in bad shape," he said, toying nervously with a Kleenex. "I've never seen so many injuries. We don't have time to test our boys. That Tarkenton is great. Their halfbacks are great, too. Now I'm not crying," he protested, the hint of a smile in his eyes, "that's just the way the cookie crumbles."

Throughout his career, Bryant has thrived on crumbling cookies. He started Maryland to national fame when he arrived on campus one day in 1945 with a husband of North Carolina preflight veterans. He had them enrolled and practicing that same day. He next moved to Kentucky and took that perpetual also-ran to 60 wins and four bowls. He started with nothing again at Texas A&M in 1954, and by midseason of 1957 he had turned that woeful loser into one of the nation's best football teams. And then in 1958, when Alabama, Bryant's alma mater, cried for help after winning only four games in three years, he came like Moses to lead them from the wilderness. Bryant's motto is, "When the going gets tough, the tough get going."

In coming to Alabama, Bryant had to leave some of his Texas businesses behind. "Exaggerated," he says of his business interests. "I owned three small apartment buildings, an interest in two oil wells, and I invested in raising mice for research work." In addition, he had a 1% piece of A&M football gates.

Businessman Bryant is prospering even more in Alabama. He is a member of the board of directors of a local bank and a local insurance company. He has a weekly hour-long TV program during the football season sponsored by Coca-Cola and Golden Flake Potato Chips. Pictures of Bryant are on every Coke machine, and the Bryant voice recommends potato chips from every radio station. The Bear is a big man in Alabama.

Much to the anguish of Bryant's coaching competitors, he is personally popular, a major factor when he and his 10 (yes, 10) assistant coaches recruit. "You've got to have chicken to make chicken salad," Bryant says of recruiting, and nowadays Alabama is a veritable poultry farm.

In three years Bryant has got the

kind of players he likes and has got rid of the kind he doesn't. He drives them, teaching the most rugged football there is. "Some things are hard to teach at home," he said one day last week. "Sacrifice. The need to work. Self-discipline. You have to learn these to play football. I teach them, and my boys don't forget them when they leave."

His outdoor practices, some of which he has at dawn to beat the heat, are brutally tough, and noisy with the crash of body contact. His indoor sessions can be scarily quiet. He held one last Friday behind locked doors in the gym while rain from Hurricane Ethel beat down on the campus. When he walked in, conversation among the waiting players



SADDENED BUTTS LEAVES WITH BRYANT

stopped in mid-sentence. They became agonizingly careful not to drop a ball or touch anything that might make a noise. As they walked through their plays, the backs and linemen all but tiptoed in their sneakers as the quarterback droned: "Left. Five-29 option. On one. Ready. Break hard. Set. Two. Hike." Each player pointed out where he should go, and the coaches watched. For errors.

Friday night Bryant took his team to a Birmingham hotel, where he fed the players their fifth steak, 14-ounce choice sirloin, in five days. The same night Butts flew his Georgia boys into town and took them to a movie. They saw *Sins and Lovers*, but they didn't like it.

They didn't like what they saw on Saturday either at Legion Field. In the first quarter, Bryant's Alabama showed:

- 1) No passer, but...
- 2) Its usual crushing defense, which last year gave up only seven touchdowns while earning a 7-1-2 record, and...
- 3) Most important of all, a running offense.

Using the new wild-card substitution rule (see page 25), Bryant soon had his team battering bigger holes in the Georgia line than Alabama's young backs really needed. In the second quarter they scored three touchdowns, more than they had made in any game last year.

Alabama held that lead almost casually through the second half. Georgia's Tarkenton completed 15 of 31 passes, but they were fruitless. It took a 78-yard punt return by a sophomore, Billy Jackson, on the next-to-last play of the game to set up the lone Georgia touchdown. The final score was 21-6. Bryant was standing on the sidelines about to walk to midfield to shake hands with Butts when Georgia scored. He looked irritated. You aren't supposed to score on a good Bryant team.

For once, Weeping Wally Butts had been correct as a prophet, even though he hadn't meant to be. Alabama had been much too strong for his one-pitcher team. In fact, Alabama's going to be much too strong for almost anyone. And don't let Bear Bryant tell you any differently.

While Alabama terrorized Georgia, Big Eight teams were proving that

continued



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there has been another shift in football's balance of power and that the conference no longer can be dubbed "Oklahoma and the Seven Dwarfs." With Oklahoma idle, four Big Eight teams took on four from the Southwest Conference and three of them won. Missouri Coach Dan Devine was searching "for that little extra ounce of energy which is the difference between victory and defeat." He found about a pound of it. Missouri won easily, 20-0, over Southern Methodist. Ends Danny La Rose and Conrad Hitehler kept crashing into Arlan Flake, SMU's sophomore quarterback, and messed up pass after pass. On the rare occasions when Flake was given time by his line, he usually overthrew. La Rose was directly responsible for Missouri's final touchdown. He deflected a pass by SMU Halfback Doyce Walker, and Guard Tom Smith intercepted it, running 22 yards for the score. Said Missouri Quarterback Ron Taylor, "Our rush was tremendous. When you knock down as many passes as we did, they can't beat you."

Nebraska came from behind to upset favored (by two touchdowns) Texas 14-13. Senior Pat Fischer, a halfback in 1959 but a quarterback this year, gained revenge for last season's 20-0 loss in which he returned a punt 85 yards for a touchdown only to have it erased by a penalty. On Saturday, Fischer scored both Nebraska touchdowns and passed for the two-point bonus that won the game. Texas had a chance to win, but lost when it tried to run the ball over for a two-pointer.

Kansas produced the biggest surprise by beating Texas Christian, the SWC favorite, 21-7. Ironically, one of the stars of the show was Bert Coan, a fast (9.6 for the 100), 200-pound, 6-foot-4 halfback who mysteriously left TCU for Kansas a year ago. Word had been circulating that TCU would be "out to get Bert" for defecting, but Coan showed no fear. He averaged better than eight yards a try, twice got off runs of 25 yards and scored once. "We didn't get him," said TCU Halfback Larry Dawson. "He got us. He's the best back I've seen in my three years. I had him trapped, and I said, 'Here's where I make old Bert respect me,' and then he ran over me."

END



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FOOTBALL'S FIRST WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE EAST

Penn State, showcasing finesse for pure power, resolutely wore down Boston U. Galen Hall and Dick Hoak, alternating at quarterback, sent Halfbacks Eddie Caye and Jim Kerr and Fullback Sam Sobosak through the Terrier line for 329 yards as the Nittany Lions dedicated their new 44,000-seat stadium with a 20-0 victory.

Boston College, trying desperately to contain Navy's elusive Halfback Joe Bellino, falled badly. Bellino completed his first college pass to Halfback John Frichard for 64 yards and a touchdown, ran three yards for another to break a 7-7 tie, then grabbed a 32-yard toss from Quarterback Hal Spooner for the score that put the Midshipmen in front 22-7.

Little Buffalo proved no match for Army and bowed 37-0. Sophomore Quarterback Dick Eckert, an artil runner and passer, set off the Cadets with a 75-yard punt return and the rest was easy, including Halfback Glen Adams' 71-yard scoring dash with another Buffalo kick.

THE SOUTH

While Alabama was trampling Georgia, other SEC contenders were opening their own seasons. Georgia Tech, attacking from a semi-spread formation with ends split and a back in motion, turned loose sophomore Quarterback Stan Gann against Kentucky. Gann, who was used just enough to get Tech out in front, kept the Wildcat forwards off balance with his clever running, passed to Halfback Chuck Graning (who scored three times) for one touchdown and led his team to a 23-13 win. Kentucky, too, came up with a good sophomore passer, but too late. Jerry Woolum, who completed 14 of 24 passes for 190 yards, didn't get into the game until the second half. Meanwhile, LSU broke out a brand-new slot-T attack, but in the end characteristically relied on its pressing defense to beat Texas A&M 9-0.

Maryland, making good use of short spot passes by Quarterbacks Dale Betty and Dick Novak and line smashes through the middle by Fullback Pat Dras, smothered West Virginia 31-8; Quarterback Howard Dyer led VMI past William & Mary 33-21 in a Southern Conference opener; and North Carolina State defeated Virginia Tech 29-14.

THE MIDWEST

Leaving the stage to its Big Eight neighbors, the Big Ten waited quietly in the
continued



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FOOTBALL'S WEEK *continued*

wings for its chance to get into the act. However, some of the Midwest's lesser lights were busy. **Masquette** bruised **Villanova** for two first-half touchdowns, then had to struggle to win 23-13. **Kansas State** stuttered and fumbled, but beat **South Dakota State** 29-6. Halfback **Jimmy Cobb** scored twice to help **Denver** outlast **Wichita** 28-19. Halfback **Bob Galters** got away for four touchdowns as **New Mexico State** whipped **Tulsa** 38-18.

Ohio U., warming up for the Mid-American race, got sturdy blocking from its big, happy line and superior running from its hard-hitting backs to batter **Duquesne** 28-0. But **Miami of Ohio** was less fortunate. The **Redskins** fumbled away an early lead, finally lost to **Xavier** 17-6.

THE SOUTHWEST

While the roof was tumbling in on most of the Southwest, spunky **Arkansas** held firm, used Quarterback **George McKinney's** 42-yard touchdown pass to Halfback **Lance Alworth** and a safety to turn back **Oklahoma State** 9-0.

Kept surprisingly impotent for most of the first half, **Mississippi's** **Jake Gibbs** eventually broke open a tough **Houston** defense with three touchdown passes, and the **Rebels** went on to win 42-0.

THE WEST

Shocked by **Oregon State's** upset of **USC**, **Angelinos** recovered swiftly when **UCLA** brought **FSU** up short with a durable defense, beat the **Panthers** 8-7 in the last 33 seconds. Helped along by two questionable decisions on pass plays, the **Bears** moved half the length of the field, and sub Tailback **Exell Singleton**, a small man with quick feet, squirmed the last four yards through the weak side. Coach **Bill Barnes**, unwilling to settle for a tie, rushed in No. 1 Tailback **Bill Kilmer**, who rammed through the same hole for the winning points. But things were different up in **Berkeley**, where **New Coach Mary Levy's** debut was marred when **Tulane** trapped his **Californians** Bears 7-3.

Washington's **Bob Schlereth**, taking up where he left off in the **Rose Bowl** game, rolled out for two scores as the **Huskies** battered hapless **College of the Pacific** 55-6. Coach **Jim Owens** turned up a surprise star in fleet-footed sophomore Halfback **Charlie Mitchell**, who made 100 yards in eight carries.

Washington State rallied in the last quarter to catch **Stanford** when Tackle **Garnie Eastrans** lumbered 49 yards to a touchdown after intercepting one of **Dick Norman's** passes. **Mel Melin** kicked the placement for a 15-14 win. **Oregons** kept step with its northern neighbors whipping **Idaho** 38-6 on the passing of **Dave Groos** and the scampering of scout (5 feet 3 1/4) **Cheveland Jones**.

SATURDAY'S TOUGH ONES

Pitt over Michigan State (TV). The Panthers are in a truculent mood after being tamed by UCLA. They will be sharper for State.

Delaware over Lehigh. This game may decide the Middle Atlantic title. Delaware's big line will be too much even for experienced Lehigh.

Texas over Maryland. Coach Tom Nugent has mended his fences well, but the hustling Longhorn back, held in check by Nebraska last week, will find the weak spots.

Mississippi over Kentucky. Ole Miss, with Quarterback Jake Gibbs' pure passing, has more offense than Kentucky and just as much defense.

Clemson over Wake Forest. Norm Sneed's high, long passes will bother Clemson, but Coach Frank Howard's Tigers won't be outclawed up front.

Illinois over Indiana. The banned Hoosiers will be fighting uphill all year and Big Ten favorite Illinois is too steep an incline to begin with. Illini power will wear down Indiana.

UCLA over Purdue. The Brain defense, so deadly against Pitt, is tough to beat. Purdue may come close at home, but not close enough.

Northwestern over Oklahoma. The Wildcats are geared for a fast start. Dick Thornion's passing and running and a quick, mobile offense will be more than the Sooners can handle.

Baylor over Colorado. The Bears, after hibernating for too long, have perked up under Coach Johnny Bridges and are ready to give mortal chase to Colorado's talented Gale Weidner.

USC over TCU. A battle of stubborn defenses but the Trojans can muster a better attack and will deal another blow to South west prestige.

Other games

ARMY OVER BOSTON COLLEGE
AUBURN OVER TENNESSEE
N. CAROLINA OVER N. C. STATE
GEORGIA OVER VANDERBILT
NEBRASKA OVER MINNESOTA
OHIO STATE OVER SMU
OREGON OVER MICHIGAN
OREGON STATE OVER IOWA
KANSAS OVER KANSAS STATE
WISCONSIN OVER STAMFORD

LAST WEEK'S PREDICTIONS:
14 RIGHT, 2 WRONG

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Danish derring-do

Russia and the U.S. might have more boats, but the big winner came from Denmark

THE BAY of Naples is a long, lazy arc of blue water, bluer sky and white clouds, punctuated by the romantic saloucettes of Vesuvius, Capri and Ischia. Each day southwesterly breezes are likely to waft in from the open Mediterranean, forming one of the best—as well as most theatrically beautiful—sailing areas in the world. A fortnight ago, on the battlements of ancient Castel dell'Ovo above the harbor, the Olympic flame burned as 138 yachts representing 35 nations crowded the bay to compete for the five gold sailing medals.

The earliest impression I had from watching the races was amazement at the progress Russia had made in yachting within the past decade. At Helsinki in 1952 they had been hopelessly outclassed—"so everybody laughed at us when we got home," in the words of the Soviet team manager. Four years later, in Australia, they were only somewhat improved. But at Naples, a Moscow draftsman named Timir Pinegin, sailing *Torpedo* in the Star class, led off the very first day by running away from the fleet.

His victory was startling not only because the class is the oldest, and one of the largest, most keenly contested afloat, but also because the Olympic field included three former world champions. Pinegin, however, was unawed by the competition. On the ensuing days he proceeded to add two firsts and a second to his score. Meanwhile teammates were doing well in Flying Dutchmen and Finn dinghies.

The United States was on top only in the 5.5-meter class. *Minotaur*, sailed by former North American champion George O'Day, finished one, two, three, four in the first series of races. Designed by Ray Hunt, *Minotaur* was clearly the fastest yacht in her field, displacing the design supremacy in this class of Einer Ohlson of Sweden. On first seeing *Minotaur* out of water, Ohlson is reported to have commented, "One of us must be crazy,"—famous last words reminiscent of the controversy on design that crackled around *Columbia* and *Sceptre* before the America's Cup.

After the first four Olympic races there was a weekend lull in the sailing schedule, but not in sailing conversation. The talk centered around performances in the early races, and also the different Olympic yachting programs—or lack of them—among the

various nations represented at Naples. It was pointed out that Russia had bought 800 Finn dinghies from builders in Holland, Denmark and other nations within two years. In addition, they had engaged in extensive domestic construction. Large fleets of Stars, Dragons and Flying Dutchmen—all Olympic classes—were rumored to have come into being. In the 5.5-meters, the sail numbers, indicative of the total boats which a country has active in any class, told a clear story. The yacht representing Sweden was No. 29, Great Britain No. 10, Germany No. 7, the United States No. 26. The Soviet craft was No. 89.

There were other stories of sail training centers and squadrons concentrating on Olympic classes all over Russia. Nor was time lacking to practice. Pinigin was reputed by one source "to sail nine months a year on the water and three on the ice." Further, the Russians were willing to swallow national pride in pursuit of Olympic performance, as demonstrated by *Tornado*, the Soviet Star boat, which was built in the United States by Skip Etchells of Old Greenwich, Conn. and used sails cut by Lowell North of California.

On the other hand, American yachtsmen pointed out that in the U.S., not only was there no national program to encourage Olympic classes, but there were weaknesses in the system of selection as well. Trials held in June did not allow crews to prepare further, because of shipping schedules; and there is no sponsorship or financial backing for international competition once the selections have been made.

One means of improving the U.S. program was suggested by Bob Bavier, the only American member of the international Olympic jury at Naples. He thought that trials for selection should be held a year before the Games. This would leave the remainder of the summer and fall to perfect crew, boat and sails in further home competition, and there would still be plenty of time for international warmups the following spring before the big event. Ray Hunt, thinking also of continuous practice, proposed that boats be transported by air, eliminating the loss of time involved on shipping by sea.

When the fleet reconvened after the weekend for the final three days

continued



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Thoroughbred of desserts

Suzy Volterra, the Continent's No. 1 horsewoman, serves a dessert worth all of the planning it takes

IT TAKES TIME and trouble to breed Thoroughbreds that are good enough to win the English and French Derbys, the Grand Prix de Paris and the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe. It takes time and trouble as well to make a dessert worthy of the name of Brillat-Savarin, 19th-century author of *The Physiology of Taste*.

Suzy Volterra, a Parisian sportswoman famous for her victories on the turf and noted among friends for her pre-race luncheons, knows that the results are worth the trouble in both cases. Her horses have won all the races mentioned above, and her favorite dessert is savarin—a breadlike sweet cake raised with yeast, baked

in a ring mold and doused with rum syrup.

By substituting a mechanical beater for the traditional elbow grease, Suzy's cook, Berthe, has managed to take some of the trouble but little of the time out of making this very special dessert. In the Volterra household the savarin is served with an extra special touch—a garnish *sauz cerises à la Chantilly* (with cherries and whipped cream) to match the Volterra racing silks, which are cerise and white.

SAVARIN À LA CHANTILLY (serves 12 to 14 people)

INGREDIENTS FOR CAKE

- 4 eggs
- 2 cups sifted flour, sifted flour to dust molds
- $\frac{1}{2}$ pound plus 1 pat butter
- Extra butter to grease molds
- 3 tablespoons plus 1 teaspoon granulated sugar
- 1 teaspoon vanilla extract
- Pinch of salt
- 2 tablespoons of milk
- $\frac{1}{16}$ packages (4 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons) dated active dry yeast
- 1 cup warm water

INGREDIENTS FOR RUM SYRUP

- 2 cups granulated sugar
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup medium-dark rum

INGREDIENTS FOR GARNISH

- 10 or more candied or maraschino cherries
- Candied angelica (optional)
- 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ pints whipping cream
- $\frac{1}{16}$ tablespoons confectioners' sugar
- 1 teaspoon vanilla extract

Break eggs into bowl of mechanical kitchen mixer. Measure all other cake ingredients and place in handy containers.

Sprinkle dry yeast (along with the teaspoon of sugar to aid action of the yeast) into a cup of very warm (about 110°) water and stir rapidly.

Cut up the $\frac{1}{2}$ pound and extra pat of butter and heat gently in small heavy pan or double boiler until butter is a lukewarm

mass. Now stir or whisk in the 3 tablespoons of sugar combined with the milk, vanilla and salt; remove from heat and add the yeast mixture. Keep pan barely warm at side of stove.

Beat eggs in mixer bowl at speed 3 for a couple of minutes. Add flour gradually; then, at lower speed, butter-milk-yeast mixture. Turn mixer up to speed 8 and beat for 5 minutes. The result should be a perfectly smooth batter.

Remove mixer bowl; cover with clean cloth and set to rise in *draftless*, warm place, such as the stove top with top burners turned off but oven turned on.

Let rise till dough has doubled in bulk (about one hour). Meanwhile, thoroughly and lavishly butter a large French ring mold (holding about 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ quarts) or two standard American ring molds (holding 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ quarts each). Use cold batter. Dust lightly with flour; keep molds cool. When dough has risen, transfer it to molds, filling half full. Cover and let dough rise again in molds, in same warm place as above, for approximately 35 minutes or till doubled in bulk.

Bake at 375° on rack in middle of the oven for approximately 25 minutes, or till a toothpick put in spongy cake mixture comes out clean. Let cool; then unmold onto serving plates.

Boil sugar and water for syrup about three minutes or till clear. Remove from fire, add rum, cool. Before serving, pour syrup over cake slowly so all surfaces absorb the liquid. Garnish tops of rings with partly split cherries pressed down; pile center with sweetened vanilla-flavored whipped cream. Or, as illustrated in picture opposite, dessert may be decorated with rosettes made by pressing whipped cream through pastry tube, adding cherries and angelica cut in leaf shapes.

Photograph by Robert Delaune

SAVARIN À LA CHANTILLY, a dessert that sports the racing colors of the hoiwess's stable, is the colorful center of attraction at a Paris luncheon presided over by Suzy Volterra.



by ROY TERRELL

OLD PALS IN A COLD WIND



The warm glow that unites Owner Horace Stoneham and Manager-Crazy Tom Seaver (above) has helped perpetrate baseball's biggest mystery: How did San Francisco lose the pennant that couldn't be lost?

LIKE men observing the behavior of addled ants under a magnifying glass, the two psychiatrists studied the Giants. Because they were Giant fans as well as doctors, they suffered, and finally they could stand it no longer. Next day their diagnosis landed on Page One of the *Chronicle* for all San Francisco to see: schizophrenia.

The Giants, said the 42-point Gothic prescription, need a psychiatrist.

This was occasion for great merriment in the clubhouse and front office. Instead of laughing, the Giants should have been looking in the Yellow Pages. If the two doctors erred, it was on the side of caution. This team could use several psychiatrists; its

continued

problems is not just schizophrenia but a completely fragmented personality.

The Giant players are ashamed of the performance of the team, but it has apparently occurred to none of them to blame himself; a defeat is always the fault of someone else. They are resentful of the interference of the owner, Horace Stoneham, who from his private box high up in the stadium—or Bardell's bar on O'Farrell Street—frequently tries to run the ball club on the field. They are contemptuous of their manager, Tom Sheehan, whom they consider an old clown. And they reserve a particularly virulent brand of hatred for that lovely, lethal monster, Candlestick Park, where hands freeze at high noon and the wind howls every day like Hurricane Donna. When playing there, all they can think of is escape; when on the road, they dread to return home.

Had the Giants been a team, in the sense that the Pirates are a team, complete with spirit and leadership and defiant pride in victory, even the misfortunes which befell them early in the year—Willie McCovey's collapse at the plate, the injuries to Jim Davenport and Eddie Bressoud, Don Blasingame's inability to match his old Cardinal performances—would not have broken the club into such small pieces. But the Giants of 1969 have never been a team—only a group of individuals, overpaid, overpublicized, overrated.

Even without leadership on the field, the Giants might have tried harder had the front office been willing to accept some of the stigma of defeat. But Stoneham feels only that the team let him down. What he does not admit is that he let the team down, too, first by overselling himself on its potentialities; then by removing its manager, Bill Rigney, in a moment of panic when the club was only four games out of first place in mid-June; and, finally, by giving the manager's job to his personal scout and drinking companion, a 66-year-old ex-house detective named Thomas Clancy Sheehan.

Of all the elements which have contributed to the Giant downfall this year, rival National Leaguers, as well as the Giants themselves, fasten first upon Candlestick Park. It is not easy to look inside a man, or a team, or an

organization and discover why each failed to tick, nor, having found out the cause, is it pleasant to describe. But a baseball stadium, besides being a less dangerous topic of conversation, is a solid, measurable thing.

Candlestick Park is located on a point of land which juts into San Francisco Bay just south of town. The stadium nuzzles up against Morvey's Hill, which realtors have recently been calling Bay View Hill. In the mornings, except for some activity at a nearby garbage dump, it is a lovely, tranquil spot. Unfortunately, ball games are not played in the morning.

A TWO-HEADED MONSTER

Every day, usually about noon, the wind sweeps up from the south, splits around Morvey's Hill and attacks the stadium from two directions. By far the worst stream comes in from the northeast, over the left field stands, raging across the diamond and out toward right field, muffling the fabled power of Willie Mays and Orlando Cepeda, from which any hopes for a Giant pennant must spring. It doesn't help Felipe Alou and Davenport and the other right-hand hitters much, either.

In fact, the wind doesn't help anyone. Willie Kirkland, the best left-hand hitter on the club, has not profited a bit from the heroic tail wind, nor has Eddie Mathews of the Braves, who with his formidable ability to pull a ball hard down the right-field line should go crazy in Candlestick Park. So far, Mathews has failed to hit even one home run there. "Nobody can hit in that wind," says Bob Skinner of the Pirates. "It makes your eyes water." Says Rocky Nelson, who also hits left-handed for the same team: "It almost blows me over. I can't even stand still."

During games, abandoned newspapers and napkins and popcorn sacks and scorecards fill the air like confetti tossed from a tall building, swirling down from the stands to clutter up the diamond. The flags in center field usually stand out stiff toward right field, but sometimes they also blow left, and once in a while they blow straight up. One day the American flag blew all the way down. "There is no such thing in this ball park," says Bobby Bragan of the Dodgers, "as an easy fly ball."

Candlestick Park is not only windy,

it is cold. San Francisco's warmest weather arrives in October, which would have come in handy had the Giants been able to arrange for a World Series then without first having to play 77 ball games in a city whose mean average temperature during the summer months is 59°. As Mark Twain or Charley Dressen or someone once said, "The coldest winter I ever spent was a summer in San Francisco."

The weather does not faze the natives, who simply wrap up in parkas and blankets and Martinis and sit there as if shivering were fun, but ballplayers are not used to such treatment. Pregame batting and infield practice is so unattractive to the Giants that a coach usually has to come into the dressing room and shoo everyone out. "It gets you inside," says Blasingame, who comes from Mississippi. "You just don't feel like playing baseball out there." Says Wally Moon of the Dodgers: "No ballplayer likes cold weather. You hit one on the fists and your hands hurt for four days."

The wind and the cold are not all that ballplayers object to in Candlestick Park. The only background for hitters is a high blue sky, out of which a good fast ball comes like a rocket. (In June, Stoneham promised to erect a \$15,000 green fence—40 feet high and 150 feet long—to serve as a background, but he never did.) The

BELOW MORVEY'S HILL LIES CANDLESTICK



infield has been doused with oil, in an attempt to contain dust swirls, until it has become so hard and lumpy that ground balls now ricochet like a rifle slug going down a canyon. Dampness from San Francisco's early-morning fog leaves the outfield grass as slick as an ice rink.

Obviously, the Giants have every right to be unhappy about Candlestick Park. Whether they should be demoralized is something else. Around the National League no one really believes that this wind-blown error of a ball park adequately explains what has happened to the Giants this year; it is merely a contributing factor and the only one considered fit for public consumption by those on the inside.

In private, when this self-imposed censorship is relaxed, there are several dozen players, coaches, managers, writers and executives who will tell you what is really wrong with the Giants: too many Negroes. They said it last year and they are saying it now, out of the corners of their mouths, after looking wurlly around. Sometimes half a dozen people will be looking around and speaking out of the corners of their mouths in one small room at the same time. "That's the real reason the Giants are losing," they will say, "but, of course, you can't print it."

The reason you cannot print it—and mean it—is that it is not true.

There are racial blocks, of course; there are also psychological and environmental and geographic barriers at least as strong. It is less a matter of pigmentation than what is inside each Giant that keeps the team apart.

In actual numbers, the Giants sometimes have six Negroes on the field when Andre Rodgers is filling in for Davenport at third base and when either Sam Jones or young Juan Marichal is pitching. Only Mays, Alou, Kirkland and Cepeda are considered regulars, however, and the Dodgers ordinarily have more Negro ballplayers in their lineup every day than that. What the Giants lack is leadership—and the responsibility here must be shouldered by the whites.

THE WHITES WOULD BALK

The best ballplayers on the club are Negroes, yet the Negroes, even if they chose to, could not lead because the whites would refuse to follow. Things being the way they are, this is something one can understand. Perhaps the only Negro ballplayer capable of that type of leadership was Jackie Robinson, and on the team on which he played there was no reason for Robinson to lead, not with Pee Wee Reese and Gil Hodges and Carl Erskine around. The thing that hurts the Giants is the absence of Reeses and Hodgeses and Erskines.

"Our white players," says one Giant official, "unfortunately have

neither the ability to inspire others by their performance nor the personality to pick up this team and demand that it put out. The same thing was true of the Braves until they got Red Schoendienst; now that he is unable to play regularly, they are having that trouble again. So are the Reds."

From this vacuum the Giants have wandered off in all directions. Mays, held in great respect by black and white teammates alike for his remarkable baseball skills, is a loner off the field. Strangely enough, Mays will show more friendliness toward another star, a Mickey Mantle, a Yogi Berra, a Stan Musial, from another team, than to a fellow Giant. This year at the All-Star Game he put his arm around Eddie Mathews' shoulder. "I was amazed," said one of the Giants. "Willie wouldn't think of doing that with one of his white teammates here."

Cepeda may have been touched by the star complex, too; in any event, this big, likable, happy-go-lucky kid from Puerto Rico prefers his own company while living it up in San Francisco. He seldom buddies even with the other Latin Americans, Alou and Marichal, who are from the Dominican Republic and, perhaps for this reason, stick closer together than most. When McCovey came up last year, Kirkland and Leon Wagner took the hulking youngster under their

continued

PARK, JUST BEHIND THE HILL THE WILD, COLD SAN FRANCISCO WIND WAITS TO POUR DOWN ITS DEMORALIZING FURY ON THE GIANTS



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GIANTS *continued*

wings, but Wagner was traded to the Cardinals during the winter and Kirkland has found McCovey too much of a load to carry alone. Rodgers, a Bahamian, fits in with neither the American nor Latin Negroes; the Giants realize that simple loneliness has been one of his big problems for three years. Sam Jones is a stranger to everyone off the field.

To a lesser extent, the white players are separated, too. There are college men and boys off the farm; some are old, some are young; some received big bonuses to sign a baseball contract, others have been scratching out a bare living in the game for years. Bill Lees has never been one to develop deep friendships with other ballplayers. Blasingame is well liked, but he is still new to the team, and he has a new bride. Bressaud, after a tragic accident which took his first wife and left him to raise two children, remarried last year, but he has had many adjustments to make. The only really close group of Giants—Johnny Antonelli, Mike McCormick, Stu Miller and Davenport—live in San Mateo, near Hank Sauer, who is part coach, part scout, part mother hen. If there is a clique on the Giant ball club, this is it.

AN INTERESTING CONTRAST

There is no rule in baseball, however, which says that a member of a team must take a blood-brother oath in order to play winning baseball once he pulls on his spikes. This year's Pirates are a case in point. Their interests and backgrounds vary almost as much as those of the Giants; socially, they break up into small, rather exclusive groups. Yet on the field the Pirates fit together like parts of a beautiful watch; the Giants do not fit together at all.

One might suppose that a team this badly divided would explode occasionally in dressing room fights or arguments. The Giants don't ever do that. High-stake card games, some of which lasted all night and left the losers grumbling unhappily during batting practice next day, were finally banned by Sheehan in the one positive action he seems to have taken since becoming manager of the team. Mike McCormick has at times been an angry young man because teammates failed to back up some of his

more dazzling pitching performances with batting support. But the Giants do not ordinarily go around snarling at each other; instead, each seems to play as if the others did not exist.

"This is a team of individuals," one of the Giants told Pittsburgh's Bill Mazeroski, after standing on second base and watching three teammates swing futilely for the fences one day. "Nobody is willing to sacrifice himself to push a runner along."

"Of course, that's one of their big troubles," says Dick Groat. "They're individuals. Big swingers. They refuse to adapt to this ball park."

"I think it would be wrong to say that this ball club quit," says Maury Wills of the Dodgers. "Ballplayers don't quit; they all want to win. It's more like they don't know how to play together. Each one tries to do the thing he does best, and it doesn't quite fit."

Take Mays. Everyone realized from the first that the strong wind blowing in from left field at Candlestick Park would cut down on Willie's home run production; he would have to quit trying to pull every pitch and hit more often to center and right fields. "In the long run this is going to make Willie an even better hitter," Chub Feeney, who is Stoneham's nephew and a vice-president of the Giants, said at the start of the season. "He may not hit so many home runs this year, but his average should go up." After a month of the season, Feeney was all set to receive his prophet's badge; Willie had hit only two home runs but was leading the league at .425, and the Giants had won 15 of their first 22 games. Mays, however, could see only those two home runs.

"I tried to hit that way for a while," he says, "and it seemed to work all right here. But then we went on the road, and I couldn't pull the ball, man. So finally I quit. Now I hit the ball good on the road and I get my home runs. Back here I just swing and hope for the best." Mays figures that he has hit at least 15 baseballs to deep left field in Candlestick Park for outs which would have been home runs anywhere else. What he does not figure is that he might have been doing the club more good by hitting singles and doubles—at a .425 gait—into right center field.

The unhappiest Giant of all is Antonelli, a man so bitter over the press

and public reaction to his now infamous words about the wind in old Seals Stadium that he refuses to discuss the subject. It is easy to be sympathetic to Antonelli, for he hardly deserved the condemnation he received. It is more difficult to understand why he should be so disgusted with the game itself or the people who pay his salary. In any event, he has let the Giant front office know that he wants to be traded; he has told other ballplayers that he will quit baseball within a year or two if he is not.

When a baseball team arrives at such an emotional state as this, it takes a very strong manager to pull it out, a rough whiplash of a man who can lead. A John McGraw, a Leo Durocher, a Paul Richards. "What this ball club really needs," says one of the San Francisco baseball writers, "is Captain Bligh." Instead it has Tom Sheehan, who only looks like Captain Bligh. Sheehan is not a McGraw, a Durocher or a Richards; he is a friend of Horace Stoneham.

Basically the Giants have a sound organization. The game is Stoneham's life; unlike other owners who look upon it as a sidelight or a toy, he has made baseball his business. Feeney is a sharp young baseball man. Secretary Eddie Brannick was with the Giants before Stoneham's father bought the club in 1919, and he is one of baseball's best-loved men. Carl Hubbell and Jack Schwarz run a farm system which consistently produces some of the finest prospects in either league. The Giants have made a lot of money in San Francisco; their 1960 attendance set a record, and this for a ball club that has been in business 78 years. It is a relaxed organization, a pleasant one to be around. Perhaps it is too relaxed.

"From what I have seen," says one San Franciscan, "my impression of the Giant front office is a bunch of jolly old Irishmen with red faces sitting around a table talking baseball and getting squiffed."

In the spring there were many people who thought the Giants would win the pennant, but only Stoneham anticipated a runaway. Overlooking the team's evident weaknesses behind the plate and in the bullpen, too willing to believe that Willie McCovey had proved himself a big leaguer in only half a season of play,

continued

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parts vodka or gin to 1 part Rose's Lime Juice.
Serve over ice in an old-fashioned or cocktail glass.

IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND.



one good infielder, desperately, and they need a catcher and a relief man who approaches the Lindy McDaniel-Roy Face class. In trade, the Giants have only Antonelli to offer as big bait—and how do you trade for a leader?

The Giants must also do something about the wind in Candlestick Park, and a dozen suggestions, some weird, some within the realm of reason, have materialized from various quarters. The most popular one, because of its scope, if nothing else, is to cut down Morvey's Hill. The theory is that the wind would then blow steadily over the top of the stadium, from home plate out toward center field, permitting Mays and Cepeda to bash a few baseballs into Union Square. There is no guarantee, of course, that without the protection of Morvey's Hill Candlestick Park itself might not blow into Union Square.

Another suggestion is to install a high, baffled fence atop the left-field stands, similar to the ones which deflect jet exhausts upward at the end of airport runways. "The people who want to build it insist that the thing will work," says Feeney. "They say that the baffle will not only block off the lower layer of wind but will shoot it straight up, forming a wall of air which will also deflect the higher layers. I don't know; we're ready to try almost anything."

Even without catchers, infielders, baffles or leaders, the Giants would have to be considered pennant contenders next year under the proper manager. Stoneham has never indicated there is anything wrong with the one he has, but nobody in San Francisco will have much interest in the spring's advance ticket sale unless something is done to bring them fresh hope. The best man would seem to be Durocher. Stoneham does not particularly approve of Durocher—Leo was the one Giant manager never really considered part of the family—but the Giants do need him badly.

"You would think," said one San Francisco writer, "that if Durocher is the one man who could make your ball club go, maybe win you a pennant and make you thousands of dollars in extra admissions, perhaps you could swallow a little of your dislike and pride. Although with Horace you never know."

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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by MAURY ALLEN

NATIONAL LEAGUE

The Pittsburgh Pirates were criticized (said an opposing ballplayer: "They don't have that confident swagger they had a few weeks ago"), but maintained their big lead and were closing on the pennant. Intrigued by the St. Louis Cardinals' refusal to fade, ex-Gashouser Pepper Martin hurried from his Oklahoma ranch to St. Louis to watch a weekend series. A no-hitter earned the Milwaukee Braves' Warren Spahn front-page notices and a silver service (just like the one his roommate Lon Burdette received for his no-hitter) from the Braves' Executive VP Birdie Tebbetts. The Los Angeles Dodgers plodded along, safely out of the race. Mathematical elimination made it official: the San Francisco Giants (see page 80) have had a long summer. Simple things amused the Cincinnati Reds. Willie Jones made his second steal of the season, was presented with an old battered base by his teammates. Said gracious Willie: "I'll live with this all my life." The seventh-place Chicago Cubs' Manager Lou Boudreau had a "questionable" future with the team, said Cub VP Clarence Rowland, but the last-place Philadelphia Phillies gave their manager Gene Mauch a two-year contract. "The fact that the Phils are in eighth place makes no difference," said GM John Quinn.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Futile in the West (two losses to KC) but ferocious at home, the solid New York Yankees sent the precocious Baltimore Orioles sprawling (see page 14). The Chicago White Sox, struggling to stay alive, blew hot and cold. Nellie Fox won a game by hitting a homer (his second of



FINE GAMES by Warren Spahn (his first no-hitter), Whitey Ford (win over Orioles) kept Braves hopeful, Yanks on top.

the year), but Gerry Staley lost one by giving up a homer. Brash Zero Versailles ("I'll be better than Aparicio") of the Washington Senators showed flashy fielding and unexpected power to boost the Senators' first-division stock. The Cleveland Indians mixed external success (11 homers, four wins) with internal strife (Pitcher Jim Grant quit the club after a racial fuss with Coach Ted Willis), and braced for a disappointing finish. Even the Detroit Tigers' long-suffering fans gave up: only 7,827 turned out for a night game against the Orioles. Reliever Mike Forness of the Boston Red Sox nipped Ellis Kluider's league mark for appearances (69) in one season. Rumors persisted that Ted Williams might be back next year. Reason given: Hurricane Donna blew down Ted's Florida home and he may need Tom Yawkey's money to help build another. The Kansas City Athletics, riding high after a face-saving two-game sweep of the Yanks, were helped to those victories by swarm of mosquitoes which harried the Yanks at bat and in the field.

TEAM LEADERS: HOME RUNS

AMERICAN LEAGUE						
NY	Morris	39	Muslie	35	Shawhan	25
Balt	Griffith	21	Ramirez	21	Benedict	13
Chi	Simmons	27	Munoz	18	Fretsch	18
Wash	Lemon	36	Killebrew	30	Alfonso	14
Clev	Held	21	Pennell	17	Francosa	16
Det	Coleman	20	Moran	15	Cash	18
Bos	Williams	28	Wertz	16	Moloney	13
KC	Sinkens	38	Carey	12	2 tied with 10	

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Pitt	Shawhan	20	3 tied with	15	2 tied with	10
SFL	Ripley	30	Masoli	17	Spanden	16
Mil	Alton	37	Hallgren	17	Adcock	13
LA	Howard	22	Snyder	14	Mason	13
SF	Watts	29	Capadze	24	Krivanek	10
San	Robinson	27	Pearson	20	Past	10
Chi	Banks	41	Thomas	20	Almon	10
Phi	Herrick	38	Del Guco	9	2 tied with	9

TEAM LEADERS: PITCHING

AMERICAN LEAGUE						
NY	Donner	16.5	Coates	12.3	Ford	45.9
Balt	Eichold	17-10	Pappas	13-10	Fisher	12-8
Chi	Pence	14-7	Shaw	13-12	Sledge	12-8
Wash	Passall	12-8	Stables	11-6	Ramos	11-15
Clev	Perry	17-8	Gandi	5-6	Reil	3-10
Det	Lary	13-15	Barnes	10-12	Morris	9-8
Bos	McHughette	10-11	Rosen	10-12	Forsythe	8-11
KC	Daley	12-14	Herbert	11-15	Walt	7-12

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Pitt	Law	13-8	Fried	18-13	Muhl	11-8
SFL	Rogers	19-7	Jackson	17-12	McDaniel	11-4
Mil	Spahn	20-5	Sandberg	17-13	Bale	14-9
LA	Sherry	14-2	Williams	14-2	Snyder	14-13
SP	S. Jones	16-14	McDonough	13-41	Santford	10-13
Cle	Parkay	17-8	O'Toole	12-18	Book	10-17
Chi	Mohr	14-11	Elston	8-9	Conwell	8-14
Phi	Passell	19-6	Roberts	20-35	Coxley	4-13

Based statistics through Saturday, Sept. 17

YESTERDAY

Guts, Gumption—and Gum

All three were needed when the author, a girl of 10, went on the Glidden Tour of 1911

by JENNIE JOHNSON PHINNEY

IN the fall of 1911 when automobiles were still a novelty and paved roads a luxury of the future, a stout-hearted band of goggle-eyed, linen-dustered "tourists"—including me—set forth on what was known as a Glidden Tour. Our car, a Stevens-Duryea, contained my father, a highly competitive-minded man at all times, now a dedicated pioneer hell-bent on proving the make of car he was driving the best on the road; my mother, a quiet, competent little woman, who was wise enough to let Dad believe that neither Barney Oldfield nor Ralph De Palma would stand a turtle's chance against him; and a Mr. Young, who had been sent along by the Stevens-Duryea factory as a spare driver. And of course there was I, a child of 10.

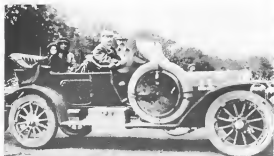
These tours, in a loose sort of way, could be classified as races. Each type of car was required to maintain a given rate of speed in order to turn in a

"perfect score" over a specified course, in this case, between New York City and Jacksonville. Apparently the rate of speed was determined by snob appeal and the price of the car. Since my father's car was one of a team of three Stevens-Duryeas, his average was set at 20 miles per hour. This put him in the top echelon, a distinction in which he took unusual delight.

Twenty miles per hour may not sound like a burdensome requirement today, even taking into consideration the era of this particular "race," but it included all time-outs, and that was the kicker! A day seldom passed without at least one puncture or blowout, engine trouble of one kind or another, or a broken spring that had been pounded to pieces by the rough roads and mountain water breaks. There was also the inevitable leak, which would develop periodically in a different part of this new and miraculous mechanism known as the automobile.

The weather was an equally determining factor in each day's progress. On rainy days we skidded and swished through the mud, frequently having to be pulled by mule power or pushed by manpower from hub-deep

continued



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bags be served and
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GUTS AND GUMPTION continued

ruts or the ever-hospitable ditches on both sides of roads.

It started to rain as we drove through Gettysburg, Pa., and it continued until we slid into South Carolina, three days and two nights later. Under the small, smooth-tread tires of those days, the narrow, winding clay roads through the mountains of Virginia and North Carolina were treacherous even when dry; wet, they were reminiscent of the whirling disk at an amusement park which is designed to dislodge its load and send it scurrying. The gullies bordering these slimy pathways were fringed with cars, poised at an angle of 45°, their drivers patiently waiting to be rescued by friends or a farmer and his team of mules.

Mule power

Had it not been for the services of the kind, and occasionally enterprising, farmers and mountaineers who kept fires burning, both to designate and to illuminate our route after dark, and an ample supply of mules at each of the 10 unbridged streams we had to ford, only the three Stevens-Duryeas and two of the Pierce Arrows would have reached Jacksonville at all: they were the only cars on the tour with sufficient umph to plow through water up to their engine crankcases.

Whenever we splashed past some less fortunate fellow travelers, held in the grip of a swollen creek, my father would rear back and look as if he had singlehandedly parted the waters of the Red Sea for our unimpeded passing. If, by chance, the victims happened to be in a Maxwell, his day was a rip-roaring success.

From the very onset of the tour Dad and the three Maxwell drivers became archenemies. "They're all professional mechanics," he argued, "and have no business in a gentleman's race."

Day by day, as their sturdy little cars chugged along, always managing to ease across the daily finish line within their required 16-miles-per-hour average, his enmity toward them increased. The sparks really began to fly the day one of our teammates was trying to make up the time he had lost changing two tires in a pouring rain, and the little Maxwells

continued



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we crashed against it. Luckily, we bounced off of it instead of going through it."

"Then what delayed you?" Dad inquired sardonically.

"We landed in the ditch on the other side of the bridge," the poor, weary man explained. "If one of the Pierce Arrows hadn't been in the same predicament I suppose we'd be there still. It took the lot of us to get both cars back onto the road."

"But not until after the Maxwells had passed you!"

"That's right."

My father was so determined to win the Gladden Trophy, an impressive-looking silver cup of stupendous proportions, that he made what



THE AUTHOR GRIMS BRAVELY ON TRIP

may have been man's first effort at streamlining a car against wind resistance. He had our top removed, and a tarpaulin, containing an opening for each of our heads, made to snap on the way the old-fashioned car curtains used to do before the days of closed-in bodies. Through these apertures our visor-helmeted heads protruded, and we had to accept, with or without resignation, whatever the elements held in store for us.

Many of our fellow tourists considered this a hardship for Mother and me, and the more sympathetic ones rallied around us whenever the opportunity permitted.


"Here, let me clean your goggles for you," one would say. "You won't

continued

SOME DAY

* every "Good Provider" *
* must ask himself: *
* * * *

* "How much money  would my wife need to *
* * * *

* (1) meet the many final expenses  of my last *
* * * *

* illness? (2) to pay off the mortgage  *
* * * *

* on our home? (3) to guarantee enough income for *
* * * *

* our growing family  so that they have *
* * * *

* at least a little more than the necessities? (4) to *
* * * *

* provide her with a regular income  so she *
* * * *

* needn't work? (5) to see our children through college? *
* * * *

*  (6) or . . . to provide an adequate income *
* * * *

* for myself when I retire?"  *
* * * *

* * * * *

SOME
DAY?

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NOT
TODAY?



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Write for more of interest closer.

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GUTS AND GUMPTION continued

be able to see through those things."

My own pet cavaliers were the ones who invariably popped a tempting tidbit into my eager mouth. Because it lasted longer, chewing gum was my favorite choice—that is, until the day our radiator sprang a leak and the only way to plug it was with gum. After chewing it for untold hours, along with Dad, Mother and Mr. Young, my taste for it was irretrievably satiated.

Garages and filling stations did not line the roads then as they do now, and even if they had, my father would not have considered stopping for an unnecessary repair until we were sure of reaching our day's destination within the allotted time. He would rather have had the four of us chew gum all the way to Jacksonville!

"What's a mere leak in a radiator?" he queried. "The Stevens-Duryea is the best car made today, and this is my chance to prove it. Nothing is going to keep me from turning in a perfect score!"

I admired his spirit, but there were many times when Mother and I were appalled at the extent of it. Almost daily we experienced the disturbing reaction of having to witness some unfortunate farmer and his family being spilled into a field or tossed into a roadside ditch by the frantic effort of their runaway horse to escape destruction from this newly created monster of the machine age.

A victory of sorts

When we reached Florida most of the hardships, with the exception of the sand-heavy roads, were behind us. The weather was better, and our only challenge was the perfect score of all three Maxwells. Just two of the Stevens-Duryeas had achieved a similar success. Even so, we won the high-priced-car class, and this cushioned Dad's disappointment and loss of face at not having completely equalled the Maxwell record.

As we rolled into Jacksonville, amid the shouts and cheers of hundreds of flag-waving spectators, the Gheddes Tour of 1911 came to a close. It had taken us 13 days to complete the 1,454-mile course. And even though the Maxwells received the trophy, we had proved, at least to my father's satisfaction, that we had the best car on the road.

END

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says "RAIN CHECK" EVANS, bench jockey LOWER CAMPUS, ORE. Says: I—Coach Kirov orders Evans with nine wins at the last ten games because of his lively heckling of umpires and opposing pitchers. As a Psychology major, he knows just where the verbal needle slides in easiest—keeps the home team in stitches, too. The best kind of stitches, that is, in Towne and King's Shaker stitch, looped-on Crew-neck Pullover. Naturally, 100% virgin wool, three knockout color combinations. . . . \$12.95

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19TH HOLE

THE READERS TAKE OVER

COUNTRY STYLE

Sirs:

I am well past 80 years of age and have been following the harness horses for over 65 of those years.

I have just returned from the 1969 Hambletonian and want to commend and congratulate you on "Country Horse and City Horse" (EQUUS 10, Sept. 5).

I knew the men in whose minds the Hambletonian was conceived. I knew what their thoughts would be if it were ever given to one of the big city night tracks or to a running track that has gone over to the harness races for additional revenue. They wouldn't want it.

BRUCE E. NOWLEN

St. Paul

YOUNG YOUNG

NOT ONLY WILL ABILENE CHRISTIAN COLLEGE HAVE A GOOD FOOTBALL TEAM IN 1969 (Going Back Sept. 30), WE HAD A GOOD TRACK WAR AT FIGHT "13 YEAR OLD SCHWARTZ FRIGHTENED EARL 'YOUNG' (The Most Exciting Free Riders, Sept. 13) IS A JUNIOR AT ABILENE HE RAN THE SECOND LAP AS THE U.S. 1,000-METER RELAY TEAM SET OLYMPIC AND WORLD RECORD OF 3:02.2. AT 10 HE WAS THE YOUNGEST MALE U.S. TRACK MAN TO WIN A GOLD MEDAL AT ROME.

CHARLIE HANER

ABILENE TEXAS



YOUNG (CENTER) TAKES HAND-OFF FOR SECOND LAP OF CHAMPIONSHIP RELAY

EXCORISED

Sirs:

In recent months *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* has contained an article on "superb sport" and "warm Russian hospitality" in Soviet Crimea; a picture from a French Communist newspaper of a Red Chinese expedition going up Mount Everest; drawings of the Russian decathlon champion; movie-star-type photographs of Olympic entrants from Russia and her satellites; and, most recently, color pictures of a festival in Communist Czechoslovakia.

Who is your ghost editor, Cyrus Eaton or Gus Hall?

MIKE DERNAN

Meadville, Pa.

JAYNE VS. JANE

Sirs:

I would like to correct your story concerning me and my connection with the Dallas Texans pro football club (SCOUTS, Sept. 12).

When Lamar Hunt brought pro football to Dallas and a booster organization called the Spur Club was being organized, I called Mr. Hunt to inquire whether or not I might be eligible.

Needless to say, such an inquiry from one bearing the name of his son-in-law did jolt him a bit, but he was very nice and told me that if I was really interested I could become a candidate for membership. As the only female member, I have sold over 130 season tickets, but strictly on a voluntary basis. I was not "hired" by Mr. Hunt and have not received any money whatsoever for my services, nor have I been on radio or TV.

Incidentally, the "other" Jane Murchison is Clint Jr.'s wife, not his daughter.

JAYNE MURCHISON

Dallas

UNSUNG WINNERS

Sirs:

Since when is the loser (i.e., Joan Ashley) in a national tournament entitled to



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the headlines and major portion of the story while the gal by whom she was deblobered (i.e., JoAnne Gunderson), one of the few two-time winners of the women's national, rates barely honorable mention (The Ashley Factor, Sept. 5)?

Now if Ashley were just a youngster or if she had even waged a stirring battle in the finals, some justification might be offered for devoting such lavish copy to her. But a 6 and 5 defeat can hardly be considered suspenseful, dramatic or stirring. Your story would seem to be directed toward encouraging competitors to lose if they wish to win acclaim.

JoAnne Gunderson is the youngest of

continued

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19th HOLE continued

five children in an average American family of moderate circumstances. Only through sheer determination, great sacrifice and the support of a few people who recognized her great talent has she been able to compile the outstanding record which your reporter chose to ignore. Besides which, she is currently the intercollegiate champion. She played in five major tournaments this year, won two, finished in the semifinals in two and lost



GOLFERS GUNDERSON AND CRAWFORD

a close match midway through the other. Not many pros have a better performance percentage!

MS. AND MRS. GORDON JENKINS
Albuquerque

Sirs:

Who is the NCAA men's golf champion this year, and who was he last year (See *Whole of a Gaffer*, Sept. 18)? Whom do you suppose he had to beat to be NCAA champion? You guessed it. Jack Nicklaus.

You put Nicklaus' picture on the cover of your magazine because you think he plays well. The champ who beat him, Richard Crawford, has proved himself and you give him two half lines. Let's be fair!

W. C. GRAY, M.D.

Springhill, La.

● Losers sometimes are bigger news than winners, and *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* is a news magazine. Champions Gunderson and Crawford (see above) have won their way into previous issues.—ED.

Sirs:

Jack Nicklaus will have quite a time winning the PGA "as an amateur." As an amateur, he can't play in it.

MARTIN L. PASSES

Baltimore

STAN'S FANS

Sirs:

I am quite sure that the pride and humility that have helped make Stan Musial the most popular ballplayer of his time will also enable him to choose the proper time to say farewell. If Musial leaves the game with "a wave, a grin and a double lined up the alley in right center field," as some sportswriters suggest, I would never cease wondering how many

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more doubles and home runs would have been yet to come. To my way of thinking, a sporadically good Musial is better than no Musial at all.

To the multitude of fans who have grown up with and admired The Man, baseball will be somewhat less important when he leaves. There is no one in the game who can take his place, so let us not be too quick to advise Musial to make a "graceful exit."

KARL W. GLANDER, D.D.S.
Red Bank, N.J.

● For SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's views on retirement see page 12.—ED.

NO SURRENDER

Sirs:

In answer to Reader G. J. Burke (19th Hole, Sept. 12) we were not allowed to vote for our own teammates in the All-Star Game, and in the players' pennant poll (Dunry vs. Casey, Aug. 22) we were also asked not to vote for our own teams.

As for myself, I didn't vote because at the time of the poll we were only three games out of first place and I sincerely thought we could win it, so I'm sure the Orioles, White Sox and Yankees voted for the team they thought would be their toughest competition. They weren't conceding anything and definitely not "giving up."

JOHNNY TEMPLE

Cleveland

LONG PUTTER

Sirs:

If that gorilla can hit 423 yards (Scorecard, Sept. 5)—what happened on his third stroke? Who won the hole, Sam Snead or the gorilla?

R. E. McCLENDON

Albuquerque

● Saend. The gorilla's third stroke, like his second, carried 423 yards, leaving him 846 yards from the hole, and proving that golf is for the private who thinks for himself.—ED.

MECHANIZED MOUNTAINEERING

Sirs:

I agree with Reader Booth (19th Hole, Sept. 12) that excessive mechanization in mountaineering is regrettable and undesirable, but as the lone American on a predominantly Swiss expedition I could not control the decision. Moreover, the true mountaineering problems on Dhaulagiri's northeast ridge begin above 15,000 feet.

Also, please note that the airplane was not employed as a climbing aid, but rather to eliminate several weeks of approach march and hundreds of porters; whereas this year's Indian Everest expedition hired 600 porters and 50 Sherpas, we used no porters and only seven Sherpas before the demise of the Yell. American Alaskan expeditions have used airplanes for similar purposes for 30 years. No one cried foul when Hillary and Tenzig raced to the South Pole in snow Wesels.

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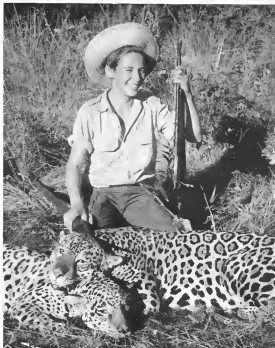


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PAT ON THE BACK



SASHA SIEMEL

"The fish's son"

"Baseball is not for me" says the young Pennsylvanian pictured here. At 14, Brazilian-born Sasha Siemel, who looks and acts in other respects like most youngsters in Green Lane, Pa., prefers the more dangerous sport made famous by his father, a 70-year-old hunter-author-rancher who kills jaguars with the primitive hunting spear.

Young Sasha is already expert with a rifle—the result of five years of self-disciplined practice in Green Lane—and is thoroughly at home in the jun-

gles of Brazil, where he shot this rare brace of full-grown jaguars. His prize bag so far is a 328-pounder that he shot and speared at close quarters.

Instead of the Navy career he first planned, the young hunter now hopes to make his fortune in the sport he loves. "Like my father," he says, "I want to take sportsmen out to hunt the jaguar. I will use the money from that to start a cattle ranch." His New Jersey-born mother's only comment derives from an old Brazilian saying: "The fish's son will be a fish."

Another adventure in one of the
87 lands where Canadian Club
is "The Best in The House"

You ski or get skinned on Peruvian sands!

1. "It never snows in the coastal mountains of Peru," writes Howard Magnuson, an American friend of Canadian Club, "yet skiing is the major sport there. Instead of the white stuff, they have sand—acres and acres of it. Especially at Passamayo Grande, about thirty miles north of Lima. The slopes are great—some of them dropping a full 45 degrees to the sea—but I'd never have believed you could ski them till I tried it myself. The skis they gave me were made of ash—the only wood that can stand up to the grinding sand. But the big difference was the ordinary floor wax they used to coat the bottoms. I'd no sooner strapped on the boards than I was off like a rocket—speeding straight downhill!



2. "You can ski as much as four miles before ending up in the drink. But you can't 'learn' the course because of the strong wind and the constantly shifting terrain.



3. "Taking a header was like being scraped with sandpaper. I don't know how fast I was going when I fell, but I do know it seemed considerably more than the course record of forty-five miles an hour set by a former Finnish Olympic ski champ.



4. "At Santa Rosa, the resort was a welcome sight after the day's exertions. Even more welcome was the pleasure that awaited us. For what we ordered—and got—was good old Canadian Club!"



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